



A birthright preserved

The Oregon State Parks and Recreation branch of the State Transportation Department has just published a small book, written by Kathryn A. Straton of its staff, entitled "Oregon's Beaches — A Birthright Preserved." It is a history of the legal measures that established and preserved public ownership of Oregon beaches.

Author Straton's story goes back to Oregon's earliest days, when public use of the beaches for highway purposes began. She tells how both English common law and the act admitting Oregon to the Union established the state's ownership of all tidelands. In the late 1800s the legislature decided it could sell what it owned and passed a bill authorizing sale of state-owned tidelands. By 1901 it had sold 23 miles of ocean beach.

But in 1899 the legislature, to protect a beach much used for highway purposes, had established the Clatsop beach from the Columbia River to the Tillamook County line as a public highway.

In 1911 Gov. Oswald West, 37, who had strong opinions about saving Oregon's natural environment, fought the idea of the state selling tidelands. He conceived the idea of making the entire tideland of the ocean shore a public highway, because, as author Straton says, there was no other route on the coast. The legislature and the public bought the idea and amended the 1899 legislation making all the beaches below high tide level a public highway.

Years passed, the coast highway was built and the coast grew in population as well as entertaining each year a great and growing number of vacationists. Pressure on the beaches increased, and expanding private development naturally looked covetously at the beaches.

Ms. Straton points out that for many years the public had used all of each beach, right up to the vegetation line, in the belief the state owned all the sand. Few were aware that the legislation sponsored by Gov. West had extended the public area up the beach only to the high water line.

What brought on a crisis was the action of William Hay, owner of Surfsand Motel at Cannon Beach, barricading the area just in front of his motel and designating it for the exclusive use of motel guests. This included sand area between the vegetation line and high tide level, area that the public had always assumed it could use freely.

Hay's action brought on the famous Oregon Beach Bill, recognizing public right to easements on the beach under a theory of "implied dedication" by long and unopposed public use. Texas had a beach bill based on this theory, which had been upheld by the Texas Supreme Court.



Mrs. May Miller, who was a principal promoter of the idea of putting a memorial to John Chitwood on top of Coxcomb Hill, admires the

granite slab recently placed in the Astoria Column park.

The Daily Astorian—FRED ANDRUS

The beach bill was submitted to the 1967 legislature with the support of the Highway Commission and its State Parks Advisory Committee. The bill met strong opposition. The vegetation line was ill-defined, for one thing, and this created controversy. The theory of implied dedication was attacked as illegal confiscation of private property. The controversy over the bill was widely publicized. Supporters of the measure organized to put pressure on the legislature.

Finally, after much wrangling and disputation over where the upper limit of the public beach should be, agreement was reached on setting the limit generally at 16 feet above sea level, and the bill passed.

The House vote was 57 to 3, the Senate vote 27 to 0. Gov. Tom McCall, who had ardently supported the bill signed it on July 6, 1967, declaring it to be "one of the most far-reaching measures of its kind enacted by any legislative body in the nation."

The Highway Commission immediately began a survey to fix the upper boundary of the public beach. This was done and approved by the 1969 legislature.

The beach bill had still to face court

tests. There were two suits involving Hay's barricade in front of the Surfsand Motel in Cannon Beach. Other litigation involved the action of Lester Fultz of Neskowin, who had built an access road across the beach sands to reach some otherwise inaccessible property he wanted to develop.

Trial of the Fultz case was held before the late Circuit Judge J. S. Bohannon in Tillamook, and Bohannon ruled for the state. The same judge presided at trial of the Hay case, and again ruled for the state, upholding the doctrine of implied dedication. On appeal to the Oregon Supreme Court, the state again won. The court cited the English legal doctrine that ancient custom prevails in such cases. A federal court dismissed Hay's case without argument.

This history of the Oregon beaches is particularly interesting to those who recall the long battle over the beach bill and of course is of great interest to all coastal residents. It is an important contribution to the history of this area.

Roger Tetlow of Astoria, who is with the Pacific Tribune of Ilwaco, is trying to locate paintings of the late Joe Knowles, who attained fame many years ago as a "nature man" who

survived a winter in the New England woods without any survival equipment. Knowles later lived in the Long Beach area and painted many pictures. One of his paintings is in the Astor Library here, and Tetlow says that paintings on the walls of the Liberty Theater here are also by Knowles. But there must be many scattered around in private homes and Tetlow would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows where some of them are.

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Next Sunday's dedication of a memorial marker from John Chitwood, promoter of the first road up Coxcomb Hill, will take place at the site of the granite marker placed by Dick Thompson for the Clatsop Historical Advisory Committee on the Astoria Column grounds.

The marker, made of native granite obtained near the Salmonberry River in Tillamook County, has been placed on the sloping ground next to the steps leading up to the west approach to the column.

Mrs. May Miller, who says her father, Gus Spexarth, was a close friend of Chitwood, is in charge of the ceremony scheduled Sunday at 2:30 p.m. She was active in a campaign to have the marker placed.

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Letters

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awesome array of technical skills. His syntax and spelling were models of accuracy. Few were ever misquoted or had cause to feel they were unfairly treated. And he was perfect at any speed, whether writing editorials or news stories on a deadline.

Fred was as comfortable in the "Front Page" era of reporting, typified by the Astoria waterfront, as he was as a scholar of ancient history or while engaging in a rapacious chess game.

He was the kind of a reporter other reporters admired and envied.

Bar pilots among best-paid in area

By DOUG BABB

Of The Daily Astorian

Bar and river pilots, the captains who guide oceangoing vessels on the Columbia River, are among the best-paid professionals living on the North Coast.

With years of required maritime experience and training behind them before obtaining state-issued pilots licenses, active pilots command a hefty pay check. The job doesn't come without risks, however. Bar pilots have been killed and injured on the job.

Records filed with the State of Oregon

indicate Columbia River bar pilots earned gross incomes of about \$70,000 each in 1977. River pilots, too, earn incomes in the \$60,000 to \$70,000 range, according to the state agency which regulates pilot fees — the State Board of Pilot Commissioners.

That agency soon will review a request by the five members of the Coos Bay pilots organization which could boost their income to about \$75,000. Both the Columbia bar and Columbia river pilots received pay hikes this year.

The pilots, whose services are

mandatory for most commercial river traffic, are among the highest income earners in the Astoria area with the possible exception of a few persons in the legal or dental-medical fields.

After paying such expenses as retirement, and other business deductions, the bar pilots' 1977 salary dropped from \$70,000 to \$53,456, according to Jo Ann Bones, state board executive secretary. Those figures are based on full-time status, which includes a rotation of 28 days on call and 14 days off duty.

That data was submitted to the state

board by the bar pilots when the group applied for a rate increase which was granted in February. Columbia and Willamette river pilots also submitted earnings projections, but they were based on a higher rate request than actually approved by the state board.

Had that higher rate been granted, the river pilots' estimated income for 1978 would have been \$74,126, with a net of \$60,626 after retirement and other business expenses, such as profit sharing, had been deducted.

There are 35 Columbia and Willamette river pilots and 19 Columbia bar pilots. In addition to the five pilots at Coos Bay there is one pilot serving Yaquina Bay at Newport, Ms. Bones said.

The state board doesn't set the yearly income rate the pilots earn but rather establishes fees they may charge commercial carriers for guiding the vessels through unfamiliar waters.

Rates are set on a combination of draft-foot measure and registered tonnage. Bar pilots charge \$4.75 per draft foot plus four cents per net registered ton. A minimum of \$200 is charged per bar crossing.

The river pilots, who travel aboard ships between the Portland harbor and Astoria, charge \$7.50 per draft foot and 4½ cents per net registered ton. A minimum charge of \$110 is paid by vessels of 500 tons or less. For vessels above 500 tons, the pilots charge a minimum of \$220.

Five persons make up the State Board of Pilot Commissioners. Two represent the pilots — Capt. Robert

Elsensohn, Astoria, and Capt. Donald Hughes, Portland. Representatives of steamship companies fill out two more positions — R.W. Cabell, Sr., International Shipping, and Walter Gadsby, Jr., States Line. The fifth commissioner serves as the public representative and chairman. He is Portland lawyer Morton Zalutsky.

The requirements for holding a pilot's license are extensive, Ms. Bones said. The most basic requirement is that the captains must hold a "masters unlimited" license.

That U.S. Coast Guard-issued license requires a minimum of six years of at-sea experience, according to Lt. Cmdr. Bob Arnet, chief of licensing in Portland. The most common route of advancement is what is known as "coming up through the hawsepipe," Arnet said. Required is one year service each as chief mate, second mate and third mate. In addition, three years service in the deck department or graduation from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy is required.

River pilots, too, may earn a masters unlimited license by working their way up through a series of lesser master positions on smaller vessels.

In addition to the masters license, each pilots' association has its own requirements. Bar pilots must have served at least two years as a master of an offshore vessel, Ms. Bones said. They also must have a minimum of 100 bar crossings under the supervision of a state-licensed pilot, she said. A substantial number of those crossings must have been conducted in darkness.

First bar pilot charged ax, blanket per crossing

By FRED ANDRUS

For The Daily Astorian

One ax and one blanket was the fee for piloting a ship across the Columbia River bar when pilot service began in the 1820s. That was what Hudson's Bay Company paid Concomly, Chinook Indian chieftain and first bar pilot, for bringing its supply ships in and out of the river.

Since then 115 licensed pilots have made their livelihood on the bar and today the 17 members of the Columbia River Bar Pilots make a good deal more than one ax and one blanket for each crossing of the bar.

Pilotage became a necessity on this bar — long described as the "Graveyard of the Pacific" — from the day in 1811 when Capt. Jonathan Thorn of John Jacob Astor's ship Tonquin lost a couple of boats and several lives while searching out a safe passage into the river.

First pilot to obtain a license, or "branch" as it is usually called, was Selah C. Reeves, who was licensed by the Oregon Legislature May 12, 1847. Two years later the license was revoked and soon afterwards Reeves lost his life when his sloop Flora capsized and sank in the lower river. Reeves lost his license because he ran a couple of ships aground.

Capt. George Flavel of Astoria was the first pilot licensed by the Oregon board of pilot commissioners that had been organized after the provisional legislature had authorized its creation in 1846. Capt. Flavel got his license in 1850. He headed the pilot service on the river until 1887, when he retired and sold out to his partner, Asa Simpson.

Flavel brought in the schooner California for the pilot service and later had the schooner Columbia — first of four pilot vessels to bear that name — built at Simpson's yard in Knappton, Wash.

The State of Oregon was first in the field in organizing pilotage service on the bar, and it has maintained its dominance to this day, despite occasional sporadic efforts by Washington and independent pilots to break into the business.

Capt. Flavel provided good service, and it paid off. Washington licensed several pilots to compete with him, but they didn't do well. A Seattle newspaper of 1886 described the Washington pilots as "a bunch of runaway man 'o war-men, whiskey bums and barroom loafers."

Nevertheless, Washington efforts to maintain competitive pilot service lasted until 1900, when the Washington board of pilot commissioners denied a license to the Washington pilot boat Jessie and instead gave its license to the Oregon pilot schooner Joseph Pulitzer. The Washington pilots charged collusion between the two state boards, but could prove nothing.

After Capt. Flavel's and Simpson's long dominance of the pilot service, the Union Pacific, which operated bar tugs to tow sailing vessels across the bar, took over the pilot service.

This lasted until the company, which had been charging pilots \$10 apiece to ride a bar tug to meet a ship outside the river, raised the rate to \$30 a ride.

The pilots separated themselves from the railway company. In 1893 the Oregon Legislature created the Port of Columbia, including the counties fronting the lower Columbia River, which operated the pilot service until 1910. In that year the legislature turned the pilotage supervision over to the Port of Portland, which was operating bar tugs to tow ships in and out of the river.

By 1915, the Port of Portland was losing money on this venture and gave it up. Since then the bar pilots have operated independently, although licensed by the Oregon Board of Pilot Commissioners, which controls fees as well as licensing.

The pilots have been union members since 1866 when they organized Harbor No. 23, Brotherhood of Pilots. However, when they no longer worked for the Port of Portland after 1915, they formed their own organization, finally incorporating it in 1965.

The pilots have found it necessary to maintain a substantial, seaworthy vessel capable of taking them out to meet ships in the worst of weather. There have been several such craft. Among the better known of these was the pilot schooner Columbia, formerly the schooner King and Winge which in 1912 went into the arctic to remove survivors of Vilhjalmir Stafanson's exploring expedition from Wrangell Island north of Siberia. Sold to Dr. Clyde Parlova in 1961 after the pilots built a new boat, the Peacock, the old schooner still is working, crab fishing in Alaska.

The present pilot vessel, the second to be named Peacock, was built in Germany for the Columbia bar pilots in 1967. It has a "daughter boat" which is launched from its stern and is used to put a pilot alongside a ship at sea, or take the pilot off an outbound ship. The pilots also have a smaller vessel, also called the Columbia, which is used for bar crossings in summer weather and can go alongside a ship.

Piloting has many hazards, including the major one of shipwreck. Also dangerous is the transfer from a small boat to a ship, or ship to small boat, when a high sea is running. The pilot must make it from the small boat to a Jacob's ladder hanging down the side of the ship, and must do it just when the boat is at the top of a swell. If he misses, he can break a limb or fall into the icy water.

It is even possible for the small boat to get mislaid or lost in thick weather. This happened several years ago to Capt. Edgar Quinn, a bar pilot, when the small boat got out of sight of both ship and the nearby pilot schooner. Of the four men aboard, one died of exposure before the boat went ashore near Westport, Wash., three days later.

Capt. Quinn later lost his life in an accident while at work, the 11th pilot to do so during the years since piloting began





Camp Rilea's birthday noted

The Military Department of Oregon will observe the 50th anniversary of Camp Rilea's establishment on August 28, as a concluding event of the annual Astoria Regatta.

There will be an open house at the 1,800-acre military post on Clatsop Plains, with a program and band concert starting at 2 p.m. on the parade ground. Special guests will be National Guardsmen who attended the first camp held there in 1927.

Maj. Gen. Richard A. Miller, Oregon adjutant general and current president of the National Guard Association of the United States, will be official host at the celebration. He will also serve this year as admiral of the Regatta.

Camp Rilea, or Camp Clatsop as it was originally known, was to a great extent the brain child of the late Maj. Gen. George A. White, Oregon adjutant general of a half century ago.

The Oregon National Guard, which he headed, had done its mandatory two-weeks' summer training at Camp White, near swelteringly-hot Medford, every June. National Guardsmen who remember those days still recall most vividly the burning heat.

The National Guard was impelled to find a new home because the land grant railroads had eliminated the low rail rates for transportation of troops. Those rates were a compensation to the federal government for the land grants given the railroads during the period of settlement of the western U.S., in the 1860s and 70s.

Gen. White conceived the idea of establishing a new training spot on the coast, where the summer climate was cool and where nearby beach spots were an attraction to National Guardsmen and their families. Clatsop Plains terrain was favorable and the location, not far from Seaside, was also favorable. So land was acquired and tents were erected.

First troops to come there for training were the 186th and 162nd Infantry regiments. Astoria was the home of Company L of the 186th and its contingent had the advantage of training within commuting distance of home, at Camp Clatsop.

The original camp was much smaller than the present 1,800-acre tract with its three miles of ocean beach frontage. The camp area was built up in small increments, over the years. The

Clatsop County Court, fully aware of the economic advantage to the county in having the state's military post, cooperated by giving the state a chance to buy tax-foreclosed properties in the camp area.

During the 1930s, various improvements were made to the camp, including construction of mess halls, a theater-gymnasium building, and warehouses.

However, the troops lived in tents until after World War II, when the present barracks were constructed.

In 1940 the Oregon National Guard troops were called into federal service for patrol of the beaches along the Pacific Coast, for the threat of war was increasing. Camp Clatsop was a useful base for troops involved in that task.

When the 41st Division, which included the Oregon National Guard troops, was sent to Australia in 1942 as the first American troops to serve in the Pacific war theater, Camp Clatsop was a mobilization site for the 249th Coast Artillery, an Oregon National Guard regiment assigned to man the guns of the Columbia River Harbor defenses.

The Oregon National Guard troops returned to Camp Rilea for annual training in 1948, after the end of World War II. It also was used in subsequent years as the annual training site for the 237th Air Defense Group, later to become the 249th Air Defense Group, and for other military units from Washington, Nevada, Delaware and Pennsylvania. It has become increasingly popular in recent years for other National Guard, Coast Guard and Naval Reserve units as a training area.

The favorable summer climate, plus the lure of nearby beaches, have proved as potent a magnet as General White foresaw they would be so many years ago.

In 1959 the camp was officially renamed Camp Rilea, honoring the memory of Maj. General Thomas E. Rilea, who died in 1958 and had been for many years the Oregon adjutant general. He had headed the 41st Division when it was summoned into federal service in World War II.

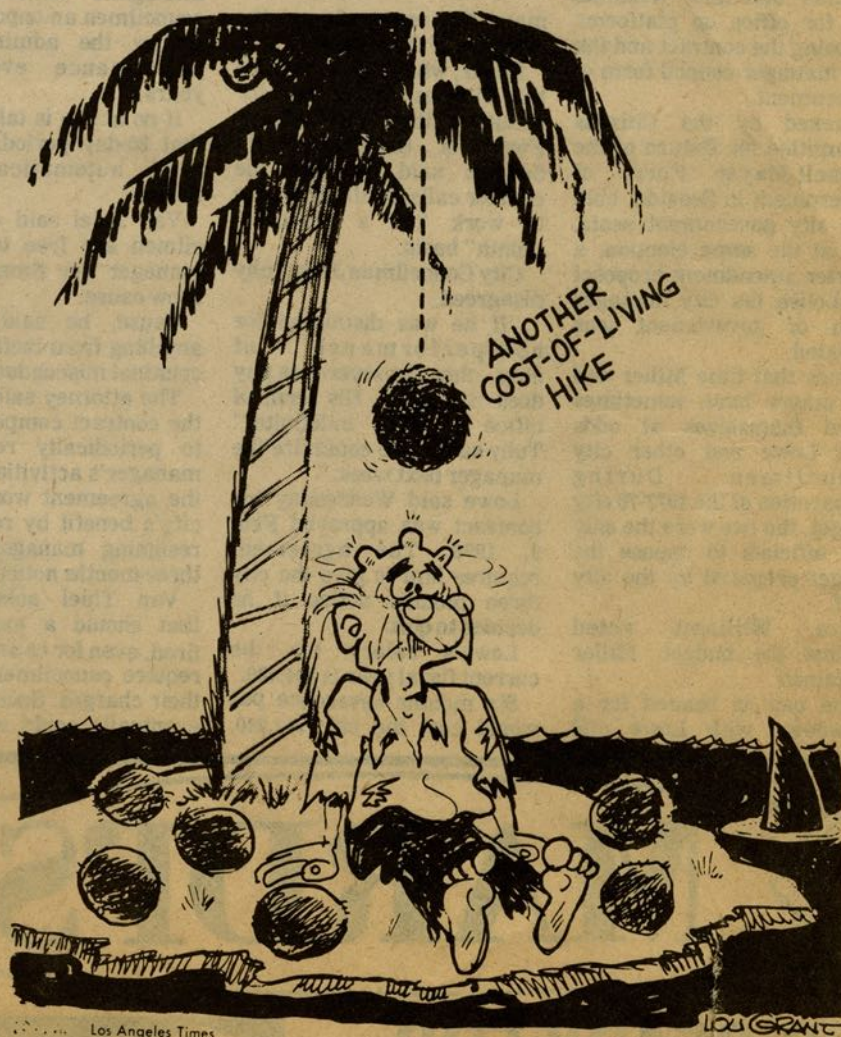
One factor that made possible the establishment of the Oregon-owned military post was the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930s in re-establishing vegetation on the dune lands of Clatsop Plains. Bare sand

was encroaching on the fields and forests of the plains area when the CCC was assigned the task of planting beach grasses, shrubs and groves of pine trees in order to stabilize the soil and rebuild a cover of vegetation. This highly successful project reclaimed the area that became Camp Clatsop, along with other portions of Clatsop Plains.

There have been rumors from time to time over the years that Camp Clatsop would be abandoned. For a considerable period, National Guard troops were sent to Fort Lewis, Wash., for training with other troops in division-sized maneuvers. Lately,

however, the increasing demand for use of Camp Rilea for various aspects of summer training has made it probable that the post will be in use for many years to come. In fact, there are current plans under study for establishing a sanitary sewer system.

The post has had its non-military uses. Boy Scouts, the Oregon State Police, and other groups, including disadvantaged youths from the Portland area, have come for training or recreation purposes to the camp, which has billeting space for 1,200 persons, plus eight mess halls and other facilities for large groups.



Los Angeles Times

"DON'T TELL ME... LET ME GUESS"

Clatsop Plains Church: One of Oregon's oldest

By FRED ANDRUS

The Pioneer Presbyterian Church of Clatsop Plains is the oldest church of that denomination west of the Rocky Mountains that has continued in operation to this day.

In recognition of that fact, the national Presbyterian organization recently has designated the church officially as a national historical site, one of only a dozen such in the United States.

The Clatsop Plains church, established by William H. Gray Sept. 19, 1846, actually was the second Presbyterian congregation to be organized in the Oregon Country.

Rev. Marcus Whitman had established one at his Wailatpu Mission near present Walla Walla in 1838, but it ceased to exist following the Whitman massacre by Indians in November 1847.

The Clatsop Plains church organization is believed the second oldest still-existent Protestant church west of the Rockies. A Methodist church in Oregon City was organized a few months earlier and still is functioning.

Gray, a New Yorker, came west with the party led by Whitman in 1836. He returned east for supplies and recruits, making an arduous journey in which his party was held prisoner for a time by hostile Indians.

He returned west to the Whitman organization and was assigned in 1840 to work at a Methodist mission in Salem. He moved to a farm on Clatsop Plains in 1846, and again went east to buy sheep for the firm.

All of them drowned on the return journey.

Rev. Lewis Thompson, from Kentucky, had crossed the plains to Oregon in 1845 and settled on Clatsop Plains.

Gray invited the several settlers who lived on Clatsop Plains to his home to hear Thompson preach, and from this meeting resulted the Pioneer Church, with Thompson as pastor, a post he held until 1870.

Charter members of the congregation were Gray and his wife Mary, Alva and Mary Condit, Mr. and Mrs. Truman Powers, Mr. and Mrs. John Adair, and Robert and Nancy Morrison.

The congregation alternately met at the Morrison and Gray homes until May 1850

(Note — The material for the following account of the history of Clatsop Plains Pioneer Presbyterian Church is obtained almost entirely from a historical booklet written by Mrs. Clarence Baerveldt, wife of the recently-retired pastor of the church. Mrs. Baerveldt has done much research on the subject.)

when a meeting was held to discuss erection of a church building.

Morrison promised title to five acres of his donation land claim, four acres for the church and one for a cemetery. He also donated rough lumber, as did Alva Condit.

Others contributed labor and cash. Gray was employed to build a 20-by-30 foot building for \$1500. The building was dedicated in 1851.

Morrison's deed, witnessed by Gray, was recorded in the Clatsop County courthouse by Samuel McKean, county recorder, in 1855.

The building lasted until 1872, when it was wrecked in a severe storm. A replica of the original building is now standing in a room of the present church building. It isn't known by whom or when it was built.

A second church building was erected in 1872, largely financed by donations from Mr. and Mrs. Condit. It survived until the mid-1920s. Fund-raising for a new church began in 1926, started by a Sunday School class of three little girls.

Many offers of financial help were made, climaxed by a \$10,000 donation from Mrs. Jacob Kamm, Portland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gray.

She stipulated the new chapel should be a memorial to her father, so the building is now known officially as the Gray Memorial Chapel, while the organization is known as the Pioneer Presbyterian Church of Clatsop Plains.

Formal dedication of the new brick building took place March 18, 1929. It stands on the exact site of the original church built in 1850.

The original pulpit of the first church, made in 1850 by Robert McEwan from a cedar log that had washed up on the beach, is on display in the present church.

An old church bell on display at the church building originally came from the Alderbrook Presbyterian Church in Astoria. It was taken down for scrap metal in World War II, but not accepted.

Chester Bell, who had helped remove it, paid the charges for taking it down and brought it to his Clatsop Plains home. Later Mr. and Mrs. Bell offered it to the Clatsop Plains church.

It hung in a tower behind the church until 1967, when it was taken down to make room for an addition to the church building, and was put on display on the concrete platform where it now stands.

In addition to its historic fame, the Clatsop Plains church has become widely known for the cross of daffodils created every year at the Easter season on the sloping lawn in front of the chapel.

In the 1930s, there were many daffodil bulb farms on Clatsop Plains. It was the practice on these farms to remove the blooms to make the bulbs more strong and healthy.

The idea of using the discarded blooms for a cross was developed by Pauline Stanley, a member of the congregation, in the 1940s.

Since then, a 40-foot golden cross has appeared each spring before the church, even though the commercial bulb plantations no longer exist on Clatsop Plains.

The cemetery was begun in 1849 when a sailor's body washed ashore nearby, and a man was accidentally shot.

Eighteen ministers have served the congregation in the 128 years of the church's existence, in addition to several student interns and supply pastors.

The last pastor to serve the church was Rev. Clarence Baerveldt, who took the pastorate in 1846 and retired in April of this year from the active ministry.

He and Mrs. Baerveldt have moved to the Fishhawk Lake area in southeastern Clatsop County, and the congregation of perhaps 100 people is again seeking a minister.



County's only pitched battle

The idea of providing a marker at the site of Konapee, last village of the Clatsop Indians is a good one. Such a marker could also commemorate what was, perhaps, the only pitched battle ever fought on Clatsop County soil.

This was a fire fight between Hudson Bay company men and the inhabitants of the Clatsop village at Tansy Point—then called Clatsop Point.

News of the fight was conveyed to Hudson Bay Company headquarters in a letter dispatched in August 1829 by Dr. John McLoughlin, the company's factor at Fort Vancouver.

A vessel called the William and Ann had been lost at the river mouth with all hands. Word reached Dr. McLoughlin that Capt. Swan and the crew had landed at Clatsop Point and been murdered there by the Indians.

Dr. McLoughlin was unwilling to accept the first report of this incident, as the Indian who told him about it had a grudge against the chief of the Clatsops. But when another Indian, whose word was considered more reliable, confirmed the story and said the Clatsop chief had boasted of seizing 21 bales of goods from the wreck, Dr. McLoughlin decided to act.

The Company's schooner, Cadboro, had just sailed from Vancouver for England, but Dr. McLoughlin sent 44 men in four boats down the river. They overtook the Cadboro and claimed its help in a demonstration against the Clatsops.

Arriving off Clatsop Point, the party demanded restitution from the Clatsops. The Indians promised it, and said they would give slaves in exchange for whatever goods they had appropriated and used.

But when the Cadboro dispatched a messenger for the purloined property, he returned empty-handed except for "an old brush and a scoop," Dr. McLoughlin wrote. The messenger said the Clatsops had told him that was all the white men would get.

The Cadboro's people got into boats for an amphibious approach, but the Clatsops fired and "some balls went through the Bull works (bulwarks)," Dr. McLoughlin reported.

The Cadboro returned the fire and firing continued until one Indian was killed, whereupon the others fled into the woods.

Later five bodies of crewmen of the William and Ann were found, two at Clatsop Point, one at Cape Lookout and two at Cape Disappointment.

After the bodies had been examined

and buried, Dr. McLoughlin reported that there was no sign of violence and "I am of the opinion the crew were not murdered."

However, some of the missing goods were recovered from the Clatsops after the battle.

The Tansy Point village was still there in 1848-9 when George Geer and Robert Alexander landed there after a shipwreck, and Geer was later accused of selling liquor to the Indians. It was still there in 1855 when Anson Dart, a federal envoy, signed a treaty with the Indian tribes there, one of several he signed at about the same time with Northwest tribes.

These treaties are the basis of recent federal court decisions granting increased fishing rights to the Northwest Indian tribes.

There are about 105 more houses 85 years old or more, suitable for marking for their historic interest, in addition to 28 in Astoria and Warrenton already so marked, according to Dr. Edward Harvey, head of the marking program. Dr. Harvey has been the moving force behind this program since its start in 1965, when he won a Chamber of Commerce George award for it. He has been named state preservation officer for this county.

Dr. Harvey is anxious to resume the marking program, but has had trouble obtaining a supply of the 14-gauge aluminum used for the shield-shaped signs. He has recently obtained from Sol Solonsky of Astoria Steel & Salvage Company nine sheets of suitable aluminum, enough for 18 signs—Solonsky's whole stock of aluminum of this gauge.

The signs used to mark historic homes are the same size and shape as the shield-shaped signs the Oregon Highway Commission used to employ as route markers along highways, Dr. Harvey said. He used the highway signs as his model and in fact repainted one that had been given him for his first historic house marker 12 years ago. The Intermediate Education District has offered to cut and paint the new signs free of charge, and Arvid Wuonola will do the lettering.

One mini-district of marked historic homes has already been established and recognized by the state preservationist. It's named the Grand Avenue district. Dr. Harvey hopes now to establish another, including homes on Franklin from 14th to 12th, up 12th to Grand, and along Grand to 11th, to be

known as the Franklin Avenue mini-district. There are eight houses marked or suitable for marking in this district.

A third district in East Astoria is planned later, after which Dr. Harvey will ask that all three districts be included on the National Register of Historic Places.

The Quarterdeck Review, published quarterly by the Columbia River Maritime Museum, reports the museum's receipt of a collection of photographs of maritime activities from Miss Grace Kern, daughter of the late Daniel Kern of Portland. He was prominent in various activities, notably in marine construction in the Columbia River area. He died in 1933 at age 75.

His Columbia Contract company supplied rock from a quarry near Camas, Wash., for construction of the Columbia River north jetty and the Grays Harbor jetties. He once operated a salmon cannery on Siletz Bay, where

the town of Kernville is named for him.

A few of the photos in the collection are reproduced in the Quarterdeck Review. One is of the steam schooner Rochelle, which was wrecked on Clatsop spit in 1914 after a long career. Another is of the French bark Henriette, sunk in shallow water off upper Astoria in 1901. Other photos in the collection show jetty construction and other maritime scenes.

The maritime museum's annual dinner meeting, scheduled Friday evening at the Astoria Golf and Country Club, will have as honored guest Capt. Homer T. Shaver, Portland, chairman of the board of Shaver Transportation company, and a veteran of six decades of operating towboats and river steamers on the Columbia. Capt. Shaver has had a career on the river that is probably longer than can be boasted by anyone now living.



Exaggerated history

Ever since I came to Astoria a half century ago I have heard the story of the big storm back in the 1880s that drowned some 200 fishermen on the lower Columbia, near the bar.

I had always accepted this as true until the other night, during a discussion at a meeting of the county historical advisory committee, the subject of this disaster came up.

The people there, knowledgeable about local history, said the story of 200 fatalities in one storm was grossly exaggerated. Russell Dark, the committee chairman, said the true figure of loss of life was 21 and that the storm had occurred in early May of 1880.

The files of The Daily Astorian for that year confirm what Dark said. A fragmentary and very sketchy story of the disaster begins in the issue of Wednesday, May 5, and continues over the next few days.

"Monday night was a bitter night for the fishermen," begins The Astorian's account. "Joseph Hume's steamer Quickstep arrived from Knappton yesterday with colors at half mast, drawing a crowd of people to the landing. It had on board the body of a man, and two boats in tow."

The captain reported two other boats lost and one ashore at Chinook.

Capt. W.P. Whitcomb of the steamer General Canby reported four boats came into Baker Bay Tuesday morning without men or bear aboard, another boat was missing, and one had capsized, drowning its occupant, trying to get into the Wallicut River.

Four more boats were reported swamped and ashore a half mile below Scarboro Hill.

The Astorian's writer complained that many exaggerated reports of loss were coming in, but "we could not get reliable data to base anything like a reliable report upon."

Thursday, May 6, the Astorian reported 12 losses of life had been confirmed.

"Mr. Acklan reports," says one tragic tidbit, "seeing two men on the bottom of a blue boat, nearing the breakers yesterday morning. He could do nothing to save them, and they bid him farewell by tipping their hats as they entered the jaws of death."

By May 8, said the Astorian, "the best accounts put the loss at 19 men."

After that, the story dropped out of the news.

The Astoria branch, American Association of University Women, will observe its 50th anniversary with a dinner May 10 in the First Lutheran Church, at which members will dress in clothes of the past decade and bring potluck dishes made with recipes of the 1920s.

Mrs. Kappy Eaton, Eugene, state president, will attend.

The Astoria branch was organized in 1927 with 19 charter members and six associate members, according to a brief account compiled by the chapter's historian, Juanita Price. Mozelle Hair, state president, attended.

Charter members were Mrs. F.E. Chambers, Mrs. Lloyd Foster, Mrs. E.P. Hawkins, Mrs. S.H. Lee, Mrs. Howard K. Zimmerman, and the Misses Madeline Brumbaugh, Margaret McCullough, Alice Neeley, Fern Curry, Henrietta Hansel, Mary Nuttle, Ruth O'Farrell, Eva Poysky, Tynne Poysky, Josephine Rhodes, Louise Schneider, Isabel Willsie, Betsy Wootton and Margaret Jean Sim. Associate members were Miss Cecelia Beyler, Mrs. Richard T. Carruthers, Miss Helen Glanz, Mrs. A.C. Hildebrand, Mrs. James Mott, Miss Saima Wuori.

A half dozen of the charter members are still known to be living and one, Mrs. Mary Nuttle Nyland, is still an active member of the group.

Senator Mark Hatfield has sent to Robert C. Anderson of Astoria a report by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, dated January 23, 1855, on a bill to establish a military road in Oregon territory.

Hatfield says that this report was among a number of old congressional papers about Oregon sent him by the Senate historian. It follows:

"The Committee on Military Affairs, to whom was referred House Bill No. 543, entitled 'An act for construction of a military road in Oregon Territory,' have, according to order, had the same under consideration and submit the following report:

"It appears that the protection of Astoria, for some time to come, must be left to field operations and temporary entrenchments, unaided by permanent defensive works; and so long as this is the case, easy communication with the centre of population will be of great military value; and that, even after this point shall have been guarded by fortifications, the means of rapidly conveying succor to it will be important to maintaining it against attack.

"It further appears that sole communication at present is by water, which is cut off by ice during several weeks each winter; while, navigation at the mouth of the Columbia being always open, Astoria might be captured or destroyed by a naval force availing itself of a favorable opportunity, with but little loss.

"The committee therefore report back the bill and recommend its passage."

Sen. Hatfield comments that "the format is so similar to the Senate reports today that it makes me wonder if we have made many changes in the substance over the years."

In 1855 the construction of forts at the Columbia mouth was 10 years in the future, so there was some purpose in building a military road, which led from Astoria to the Tualatin Valley. However, it had little actual use, and was long ago abandoned.

The reference to communication being cut off by ice during several weeks each winter is mystifying, particularly so since the report goes on to say that navigation at the mouth of the Columbia is always open.

In the 1850s there was still a little concern about Great Britain's intentions on the Pacific Coast of North America, despite the treaty of just a few years before which established the U.S.-Canadian boundary at 49 degrees north latitude all the way west to the sea. Hence the concern about defenses in remote Oregon.

Now that spring has come, daylight saving time is with us again and many of us are making the common grammatical error of calling it "daylight savings time." "Savings" is money in the bank, put aside for a rainy day, and

is a noun, while "saving" is an adjective describing time that saves daylight.

One hears this grammatical error quite often from television news announcers, who sometimes seem to be doing their best to corrupt the language.

None of these folk seem to know the difference between cement and concrete, for instance, and they will describe a sidewalk or a wall as a "cement" sidewalk or wall nine times out of ten, thereby corrupting the speech of their listeners.

I thought everybody knew what a plow is, but apparently not. The other day someone on The Daily Astorian news staff wrote a picture caption about a "horse-driven" plow. Fortunately, this didn't look right to the news editor and he changed it to "horse-drawn," but when the picture appeared in the paper it wasn't a plow at all. A harrow or some similar farm tool fooled the DA's news people, few if any of whom seem to have had much close acquaintance with agriculture.



Famous murder case

Stan Church, former local resident, who returned recently after several years in Portland and Salem as an attorney and lobbyist, now makes his home on Clatsop Plains. He is deeply interested in history of the area and is working on a detailed history of the Clatsop Plains Presbyterian Church.

In his research, Church learned about James Taylor (1809-1894), who came to Clatsop Plains from Pennsylvania in 1845 and was one of the early leaders of the church.

Taylor had two sons, Frank J. and O.W. Taylor, who owned property in western Astoria and whose names are preserved in the Taylor's Astoria addition in that area.

Frank J., who became a circuit judge, was the victim in one of Astoria's most famous murder cases, and Church came upon a report of this incident during his studies.

Frank J. Taylor, born in Clatsop County in 1851, studied law in Albany, N.Y., and upon admission to the bar began practice in Astoria. He served as deputy district attorney, Astoria city recorder and municipal judge, state representative, and in 1884 was named circuit judge, serving until 1894.

After retirement from the bench, he practiced law in Astoria. In the course of his work, he prepared a divorce complaint for a local woman that led to her divorce, and angered her husband. For four years he uttered threats against Judge Taylor and at one time was sent to the state hospital in Salem.

Finally, on September 14, 1913, as 62-year-old Judge Taylor was walking along Commercial Street, approaching the SP&S Railway Station, he encountered the divorced man.

A dozen witnesses were present. Three who testified to Coroner J.A. Gilbaugh at the subsequent inquest, testified that the man met Taylor, that a discussion followed, and that two or three shots were heard.

Horried witnesses saw Judge Taylor fall, saw his assailant fire another revolver bullet into his prostrate form, then throw the gun into the river.

Bert Roxie, representative of a carnival that had been playing in Astoria, collared the man, who said he was going to the court house to turn himself in.

The killing horrified the community, as Judge Taylor was evidently a prominent and popular citizen.

The assailant was tried, convicted and eventually hanged.

Probably few Astorians know that there is a music division of the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., or that it is the largest, most com-

prehensive music library in the world.

I certainly didn't until last week when I had a chance to meet the man who runs it, Edward H. Waters. He and Mrs. Waters were in Astoria visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Simpson. The Simpsons moved here recently from Monterey, Calif., where he was chief of police and where he met Waters 20 years ago when Waters was visiting there.

Waters said the Library of Congress music division, established in 1897, has been built up not only with public funds but by the help of several foundations, until it now houses more than four million items—musical manuscripts, books, a vast collection of recordings, and the like.

"We have the largest collection of original manuscripts by 20th Century composers anywhere in the world," Waters said.

"The library is open to the public and is much used for research work," he added. "Eminent scholars come from abroad for long stays there. We have better resources than any European countries.

"Our collection of musical instruments includes five Stradivarius violins, which are used in concerts we give, but our most treasured violin is a Guarnerius del Gesu that Fritz Kreisler gave us in 1952.

"We give an annual series of chamber music concerts, about 40 in number."

Waters said the music division's resources are available to the public, and are much used.

The library has original manuscripts of such composers as Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn and Liszt.

Waters didn't tell me this, but his host Simpson reported that Waters is the author of several books and many articles, including a definitive biography of the American composer Victor Herbert, and is working on a biography of Johannes Brahms.

Waters is listed in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, and Astoria Librarian Bruce Berney showed me his biography in the library's copy of that publication.

Waters is evidently a distinguished man in the world of music, but he got into and out of Astoria without tooting his own horn, and appeared to be just a jolly, down-to-earth sort of guy who fits into any gathering.

UNICEF—the United Nations Children's Fund—has distributed a press release announcing that Ellamae W. (Mrs. Walter) Naylor of Portland has been named Oregon State Representative for the U.S. Committee for UNICEF.

Astorians who were here prior to

World War II will remember Mr. and Mrs. Naylor. He was on the advertising staff of the Astorian-Budget. She worked for the Chamber of Commerce and was active in various civic projects.

In World War II, Mrs. Naylor was one of the first women in Oregon to join the Navy's new Women's branch, the WAVE organization. She served in San Francisco as a communications officer.

After the war the Naylor's moved to Portland, where he has for many years been on the advertising staff of the Oregon Journal and she was for 21 years secretary of the Portland City Club until retiring in 1973. She has also been active there in many civic affairs.

The Naylor's have one daughter.

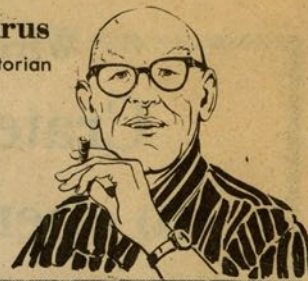
Following up comments made in this space last week about the potential vital importance of the CREST organization to the Lower Columbia

communities, it's too bad that all people interested in the area's welfare couldn't have heard the talks by Don Jackson and Gary Brewster from Newport on how estuary planning produced real economic improvement on Yaquina Bay.

The Yaquina people made an estuary study comparable to what CREST is setting out to do here, and followed it with effort to build up the economy. The result: 100 new jobs and another 300 obtained indirectly in Lincoln County.

It couldn't have been done without an estuary plan, Brewster and Jackson reported to a recent CREST meeting.

Of course, the Columbia River estuary is much bigger than that of Yaquina Bay, so the study and planning problem is much bigger here. We have to do it, if we are to progress economically. CREST, as I said before, is the only agency in sight that is aimed at this specific target.



Granite markers on way

Several historical sites in this area will have markers of native granite soon as result of an expedition Saturday to what may be the only source of granite in all western Oregon.

The expedition consisted of several county workers and trucks led by Commissioner Hiram Johnson, Roadmaster John Dooley and Dick Thompson of Astoria Granite Works. The expedition returned with several large boulders of granite mined from an outcropping deep in a canyon near the Salmonberry River in northern Tillamook County, just over the Clatsop boundary.

The granite was found several years ago by Thompson on a hunting expedition.

The vein had been exposed by workers constructing a logging road along the bottom of a canyon. Some vertical layers of granite, sandwiched between layers of basalt, were cut by the road builders. Across the canyon and several hundred feet up the side, in an inaccessible area, another large outcrop of the granite can be seen.

Some weeks ago when the Clatsop County Historical Advisory Committee was discussing suitable marking of several so far unmarked historical sites in the area, Thompson suggested the granite as a good material for permanent, reasonably vandal-proof markers, and the committee liked the idea. Particularly they liked it after Thompson displayed a sample which he had smoothed on one side and engraved with an inscription.

So it was agreed to take money from appropriated funds in the advisory committee budget to pay for the project of getting some of the granite and making markers. Saturday's expedition was the outcome. Accompanying the granite-miners Saturday was Russell Dark, chairman



Daily Astorian—FRED ANDRUS

County truck picks up chunk of granite from deposit in canyon near Salmonberry River.

of the historical advisory committee.

Dark said that sites which probably will be marked with granite include the four-corners spot where Tillamook, Clatsop, Columbia and Washington counties meet; the ghost towns of Clifton and Bradwood in the eastern county; the Solomon Smith home site on the west side of Smith lake on Clatsop Plains, and the Astoria fire of 1922 — if the committee can agree on the most suitable spot for it. Battery

Smur at Fort Stevens, near the Hammond boat basin, may also be marked.

A granite marker also will go into Cannon Beach city park. Bob Nannetti and Greg Thompson of Cannon Beach Post 168, American Legion, went along Saturday with a truck and hauled home a couple of boulders. They hope to erect a marker in the city park as a National Bicentennial project for the beach community.

Thompson says that as far as he knows the Tillamook County Granite outcropping is the only granite in western Oregon.

There is a granite source near Baker in Eastern Oregon, but no other in the state that he knows of.

There is granite in California and in British Columbia and possibly some in southwestern Washington. Thompson said he has heard that his father, the late Paul Thompson, who operated the Astoria Granite Works for many years before his sons Dennis and Dick took it over, once went across the river to look at a source of granite, but decided it would be too costly to mine. Dick Thompson doesn't know where this granite is, if it exists at all.

Mining the Tillamook County granite for commercial use would also be impractical, Thompson said, because of the high cost of haulage.

It's cheaper to buy granite from Finland, where the Thompsons get much of what they use here.

Granite is relatively scarce in the western United States, where most of the rocks are younger.

The Encyclopedia Britannica says granite is the family name for a group of deep-seated igneous, acidic rocks wholly crystalline in structure. In fact, the name granite comes from the Latin granum, a grain. Most granites are composed of from 67 to 74 per cent silicon oxide, 8 to 16 per cent aluminum oxide, and lesser amounts of other oxides.

Granite often appears in "transgressive dikes and veins proceeding from it into the surrounding strata," says the Britannica. The Tillamook County granite seems to fit this description, being apparently a dike, with veins protruding from it into the surrounding basalt.

At any rate, the Tillamook granite is good, hard, heavy stuff and split nicely into boulders with a flat side suitable for inscriptions.

Paul See, geology instructor at Clatsop College, says that so far as he knows there is no other granite in western Oregon, except that there might be some in the Siskiyou Mountain region in the state's far southwest.

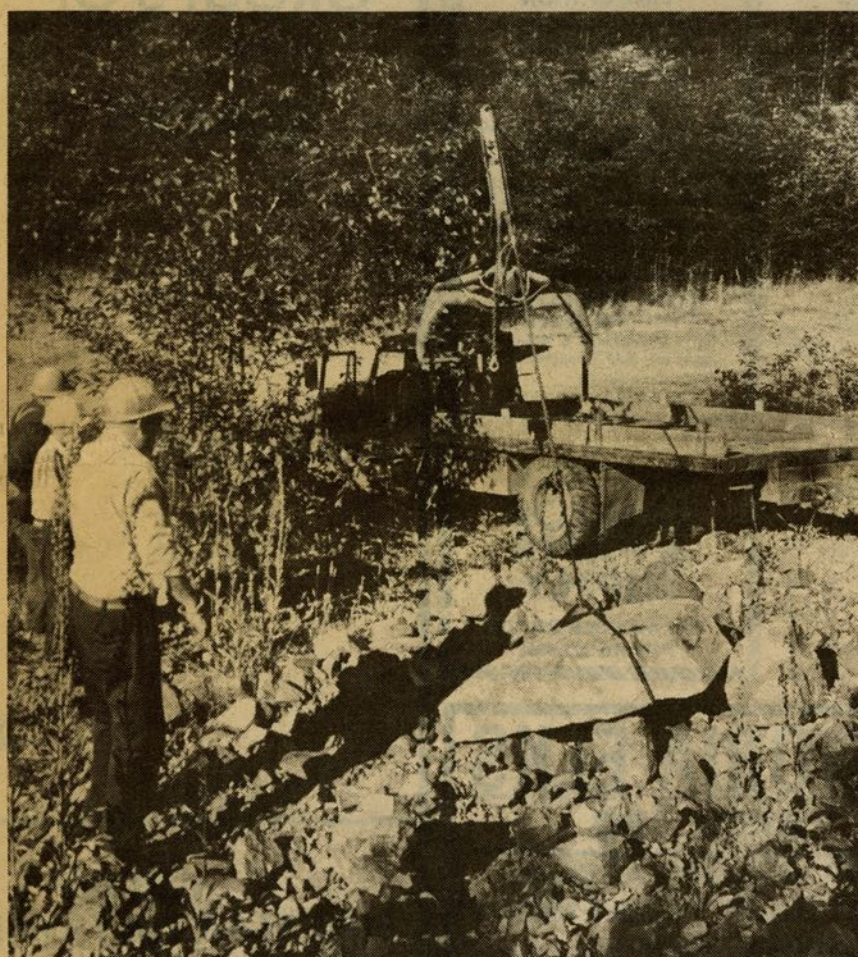
Discovery of granite in the Coast Range could change geological thinking about that area, See said, as it has generally been believed that the conditions under which the Coast Range arose did not lend themselves to the presence of granite.

Joe Nivala, Rt. 1, Box 591, Warrenton, has found an 1892 "postal card" containing a printed notice of assessment from Seaside Lodge No. 12, A.O.U.W., of Astoria, A. R. Cyrus, financier, addressed to J.C. Adams, Skipanon, Oregon.

The card, with a 1 cent stamp imprinted on it, was postmarked in Astoria Nov. 7 and in Skipanon Nov. 8. Mr. Adams was charged a \$2 assessment for the beneficiary fund of the lodge because of the deaths of four lodge members in Astoria, Albany, Grants Pass and Portland in September and October, 1892.

Anyone know what A.O.U.W. stood for? It has been suggested that these were the initials of the Ancient Order of United Workmen lodge.

Skipanon post office has long since vanished. I am informed that it was located at the old Skipanon steamer landing, about four or five blocks north of present Warrenton High School, on the left bank of the Skipanon River.



County rig hauls granite slab along ground to get it aboard truck.



Hauke's then and now/

Eric

when Hauke's store was newly rebuilt after a fire had destroyed a previous structure. Below, Hauke looks over the inside of the new store he and his son Skip will open Wednesday.

Hauke is the small boy shown in the top photo, taken in 1916





Have a glass of Tacoma

I see in the paper that the Alaska legislature wants the name of Mt. McKinley changed to Denali, the original Indian name.

This brings to my mind a suggestion that maybe we ought to consider renaming some of the Pacific Northwest volcanoes, such as Mt. Hood and Mt. Rainier, which are named for obscure British officials of the 18th Century who had nothing to do with this part of the world at all.

Opinion

Why not, since the Chinook Indians failed in their effort to have the Astoria bridge renamed the Concomly bridge, affix his name to Mt. Hood?

Certainly its present name is ridiculous. It's probably a reasonable bet that if Oregonians were polled, 99 out of 100 could not tell who Hood was. The mountain was named for Admiral Samuel Hood (1724-1816) of the British Navy, and he actually fought against the United States in the Revolution. He was with a British fleet that attempted unsuccessfully to raise the siege of Yorktown.

So why should we honor his memory? Much better to call Mt. Hood Mt. Concomly — or if there is a more suitable Indian name for the mountain, we could rename the town of Hood River and call it Concomlyville, perhaps.

Mt. Rainier also deserves a new name. Who knows who Rainier was? The city of Tacoma fought for years, unsuccessfully, to have the mountain called Mt. Tacoma.

Surely that would be a more fitting name than Rainier.

During the extremely wet spell of a week or two ago, reference was made to the rainy December of 1933, which stands supreme in weather history of Astoria as the rainiest month in more than a century of keeping rainfall records.

Weather records have been kept here continuously since the 1850s, and never in all the 120 subsequent years has the 36.07 inches of December 1933 been equalled.

I well remember that month, for I was the official U.S. weather observer here then. It was long before establishment of the present Weather Service office at the airport — that came in the 1950s.

Prior to that, the Weather Bureau depended on unpaid volunteer observers to record rainfall and temperatures daily, with comment on unusual weather features such as hail, snow, thunder and the like.

I inherited the job from DeWitt Gilbert, who left the staff of the Evening Budget in 1928, and I had it until 1942, when I went into military service.

So I had the honor of recording Astoria's rainiest month. There was measurable rain every day that dismal December. Driest day had only 0.05 inch, and the wettest had 4.33 inches. Seven days with gales of wind were recorded. The average daily rainfall was 1.16 inches.

That whole year of 1933 was wet. Total rain was 114 inches — more than 9 feet.

Christmas day that year was particularly memorable.

The Evening Budget published on Christmas day back in those years, but we usually went to press early — about noon. That Christmas day about 11 a.m. our United Press leased wire suddenly quit. We checked and discovered that all other wires — Western Union, Postal Telegraph and SP&S Railroad — connecting us with Portland had gone out at the same time.

The railroad people reported a slide had cut the road and railway east of Westport and that there apparently were fatalities.

A trip up the rain-drenched highway to Westport revealed what had happened.

The old Keery logging railroad wound across the canyons back of Westport. A high trestle carried the line across the canyon of OK creek, which ran down to the Columbia. Logs and brush had washed down, piling up behind this trestle and forming a dam.

The torrential rains of the preceding week — more than a dozen inches — had created a swelling lake behind this dam. On Christmas morning the trestle gave way and the lake, logs and all came roaring down the canyon, wiping

out a house that stood beside the highway right in the torrent's path. Six people out of seven occupants of that home had perished.

Downtown shoppers last Saturday may have wondered about a couple of big flatbed truck-trailer rigs that came through town carrying three huge chunks of concrete wrapped in steel bands.

What had happened was this:

While the Liberian freighter Mandarin Venture was loading logs for Japan at Pier 2 of the Port of Astoria docks, one of the cargo booms on No. 1 hatch was accidentally dropped, putting a bend into the huge tubular steel shaft.

The boom was pronounced unsafe, so

it had to be trucked to Portland to be straightened. This was done by heating one side and cooling the other side with cold water.

When the boom was trucked back to Astoria, it had to be tested to see if it would handle its certified weight capacity of 25 tons.

So three concrete weights, of 22,400 pounds, 21,600 pounds and 12,480 pounds — totalling 56,480 pounds or 28 tons, were loaded on trucks and hauled here from Portland on Saturday.

The boom, restored in place over the cargo hatch on the Mandarin Venture, was tested by attaching it to the three big weights standing on the dock and hoisting them. It did so successfully and loading of No. 1 hatch could be resumed.



Hildebrand archives studied

Frank and Arthur Hildebrand recently turned over to Russell Dark, county historian, the personal archives of their father, the late August Hildebrand, who for many years operated the Hildebrand furniture store.

Dark has for some years made an almost full-time occupation of cataloging information obtained from the county records, many of which he recently saved from destruction on orders of a state archivist.

Now Dark is adding information from the Hildebrand archives to his collection of thousands of cards on subjects related to Clatsop County history.

August Hildebrand apparently preserved every scrap of paper he ever had, including many newspaper clippings and full copies of many old papers. Dark says that the cartons and cartons of stuff the Hildebrands gave him have proved a treasure trove of historical information.

He has added some 1,000 and more cards to his index from the Hildebrand material and still has a good many more cartons to go through.

Among the old newspapers, for instance, were copies of such long-forgotten journals as the Clatsop County News, published in Westport in 1894; the Jewell Express and the Grand Rapids Press, both published briefly in the Nehalem Valley in 1892; the Astoria Town Talk and others.

"I'm hoping to find a copy of the Astoria Acorn," Dark said. "It was published in Astoria for a time back in those days, and I've never seen a copy."

I, personally, had never heard of the Westport, Jewell and Grand Rapids papers before, although I can remember the Warrenton Argus, another one found in the Hildebrand archives. The late Clifford Barlow was publishing the Argus in Warrenton when I came to Clatsop County in 1927.

Dark has found such things as copies of Leslie's Weekly and Harper's Weekly, magazines published in the 1880s and illustrated with many old wood cuts.

—O—

Among the items left by August Hildebrand were a few to be turned over to me, including a Daily Astorian of Sunday, June 13, 1880.

This contains an editorial by the editor, D. C. Ireland, expressing concern over the arrival of two ships in Astoria with 600 to 700 Chinese immigrants. He feared Chinese immigration would flood the nation unless Congress adopted legislation to curtail it. The four-page Astorian also had such items as one telling of the arrival in Cornelius of a party of immigrants from England, bound for the Nehalem Valley; advertisements by two Astoria breweries — the Astoria, M. Meyer, proprietor; and the Columbia, John Hahn, proprietor — and an advertisement by M. D. Kant, "the



This photo from Chriss Carlson's archives was taken from about where the state liquor store now stands at 13th and Duane, looking toward

14th and Exchange. The house at extreme left, at the 14th-Duane intersection's southeast corner, still stands.

popular merchant tailor," for men's suits at from \$12.50 to \$30, and boys' suits at from \$4.75 to \$8.

There are clippings of interviews, written in 1936 by Fred Lockley, Oregon Journal columnist, with the late Rose West Johnson of Seaside, daughter of a pioneer Clatsop farmer who at one time owned 2,000 acres near Seaside. She told of going to school in District No. 3 on Clatsop Plains, a school established in 1847 with Lucy Jane Fisher as teacher.

There are clippings from the Evening Budget of June 16, 1935, telling of the death of Mrs. Eliza Jane Hustler, who crossed the plains as a young girl in 1847 in a wagon train. She had lived all the rest of her life in Astoria.

—O—

Also on the subject of old archives, Chriss Carlson of Astoria has loaned me a scrapbook kept by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Marion Carlson, in the early 1900s.

She preserved clippings of such items as a news story of the laying of the cornerstone of the new Clatsop County court house in 1904, with a parade and a ceremony conducted by the Masonic lodge. This story also contained such information as this: The first bank in Astoria was started by I. W. Case in 1883; first telephones in Astoria in 1877; first electric lights in 1885-6; first

telegraph line to the outside world in 1878.

Also preserved was a clipping of the account of the 1909 graduation at Astoria High school of a class of 21 seniors, including 16 girls and five boys.

Clippings were included of a visit by James J. Hill, Great Northern railway magnate, to Astoria in his special train in 1907, when he was non-committal in response to questions about plans to extend the Astoria and Columbia River railroad southward.

A 1910 clipping told that the Astoria, Seaside and Tillamook Railway Company, an eastern firm, was starting construction of an electric railway to Seaside.

In the same year, a clipping showed a drawing of the \$150,000, four-story Weinhard-Astoria hotel under construction at 12th and Duane streets. C. G. Palmberg was contractor.

On April 12, 1911, a clipping told of the breaking of ground for a reproduction of Fort Astoria in the city park, on the 100th anniversary of the landing of the Astor party in Astoria. The new Fort Astoria would be used for the Astoria Centennial celebration that year. A parade climbed the hill to the park, where a program was held. The Fort Stevens band led the parade.

Another clipping of the same period tells of plans for the new high school building at 16th and Jerome, 179 by 81

feet, with a basement constructed of stone from the quarry just behind the school, and walls of light buff brick.

A February 5, 1911 clipping told of the 100th birthday of Astoria's oldest resident, Mrs. Frances Hare, who was older than the city. She was born in Virginia, two months before the founding of Astoria.

Ever hear the Astoria yell? According to an account of the Astoria delegation's visit to the Oregon Development League meeting in Salem in 1910, it went as follows: "Astoria 1811, Hurrah, hurrah. Always yell 1911, best Cent-en-ni-al." The Astorian reporter wrote that it "was voiced by the stentorian tones of the city's businessmen," who invited the convention to come to Astoria in the Centennial year of 1911. "To print it conveys little or nothing of the effect of the yell," wrote the Astorian reporter. "The words 'yell' in the yell and the termination 'el' of Centennial came out together with like emphasis at the end of the respective yell lines with an aplomb not beaten by the very best work of the collegiate yell masters." The Astorians also climbed to the roof of the hall, risking life and limb to display a Centennial banner. So the convention voted to go to Astoria in 1911.



Historical project updates

John Dooley, county roadmaster, has had a crew of workmen clearing the brush from a small area on the east side of the Ridge Road on Clatsop Plains, where the county historical advisory committee proposes to erect a marker commemorating the Solomon Smith farm.

The cleared area is under a clump of locust trees, which are not native to Clatsop County, and this makes one wonder if perhaps the locusts were planted originally by Smith himself, who settled there in 1840. There are several other locust trees scattered through the nearby brush.

Solomon Smith was one of the first settlers on Clatsop Plains. He married an Indian woman, Celiast, daughter of Chief Coboway of the Clatsop Indians, and ran a school for Indian children in his home. He is considered Oregon's first school teacher.

Little or no trace remains of Smith's farm. An old cistern is reported to be still there, but efforts to locate it did not succeed. However, the exact location of the farm and farm buildings is marked on old maps, so that the historical marker can be properly spotted.

Suitable mounting for the old Uniontown curfew bell has been provided in front of the new West End fire station, and stone mason Dick Thompson has built a granite marker there, embedding it in concrete. The old bell will hang above the marker.

The bell hung in various locations around the West End, and its evening ringing sent youngsters of the area scampering for home over a period of several years. Then the curfew law fell into disuse, and for many years the bell lay behind the old West End fire station. It was rediscovered there.

Some people have been saying lately that it would be a good idea to revive the curfew ordinance and get youngsters off the streets early in the evening, to discourage the rising tide of juvenile crime.

The Astoria Area Chamber of Commerce waterfront committee met Tuesday with Paul Haugland, manager of the permit coordination center of the state of Oregon's intergovernmental relations division.

This long title means that Haugland is sort of an expeditor who helps people with community projects to get through the permit process that is necessary these days to build anything, particularly on the waterfront.

The committee wanted to discuss with Haugland its program for development of "people places" on the waterfront, to make it a useful source of recreation for visitors and local folk.

Haugland urged that the committee pick one specific project for first priority and seek a permit from the

Corps of Engineers for it, to get the program off the ground. He estimated it could take six months, perhaps a year, to get approval of all the state and federal agencies that is required for issuance of a permit.

Publication last week of a story about construction of the old military road from Astoria to the Tualatin River in 1855-60 produced a visit from Jim Cameron, Warrenton, who has a copy of a sketch map made by Lt. George Derby of the Army's topographical engineers. Lt. Derby made the map to show the route he had surveyed for the road. Cameron said he found it in the archives of the Oregon Historical Society in Portland and made a copy.

Unfortunately, Derby's map lacks enough landmarks to locate accurately the route. When he traced the routes of the Nehalem and Salmonberry rivers, he must have just been guessing, for neither stream is close to its true location.

Cameron said he is interested in tracing the military road's route on the ground.

The county extension office has been trying to find out if local Chinese people ever raised ginseng root hereabouts, back in the days when there were many more Chinese than there now are in the Astoria area.

Old timers say that the Chinese did indeed raise ginseng here, and I, myself, can remember seeing it offered for sale in local Chinese shops, 50 years or so ago.

Chinese use ginseng for medicinal purposes.

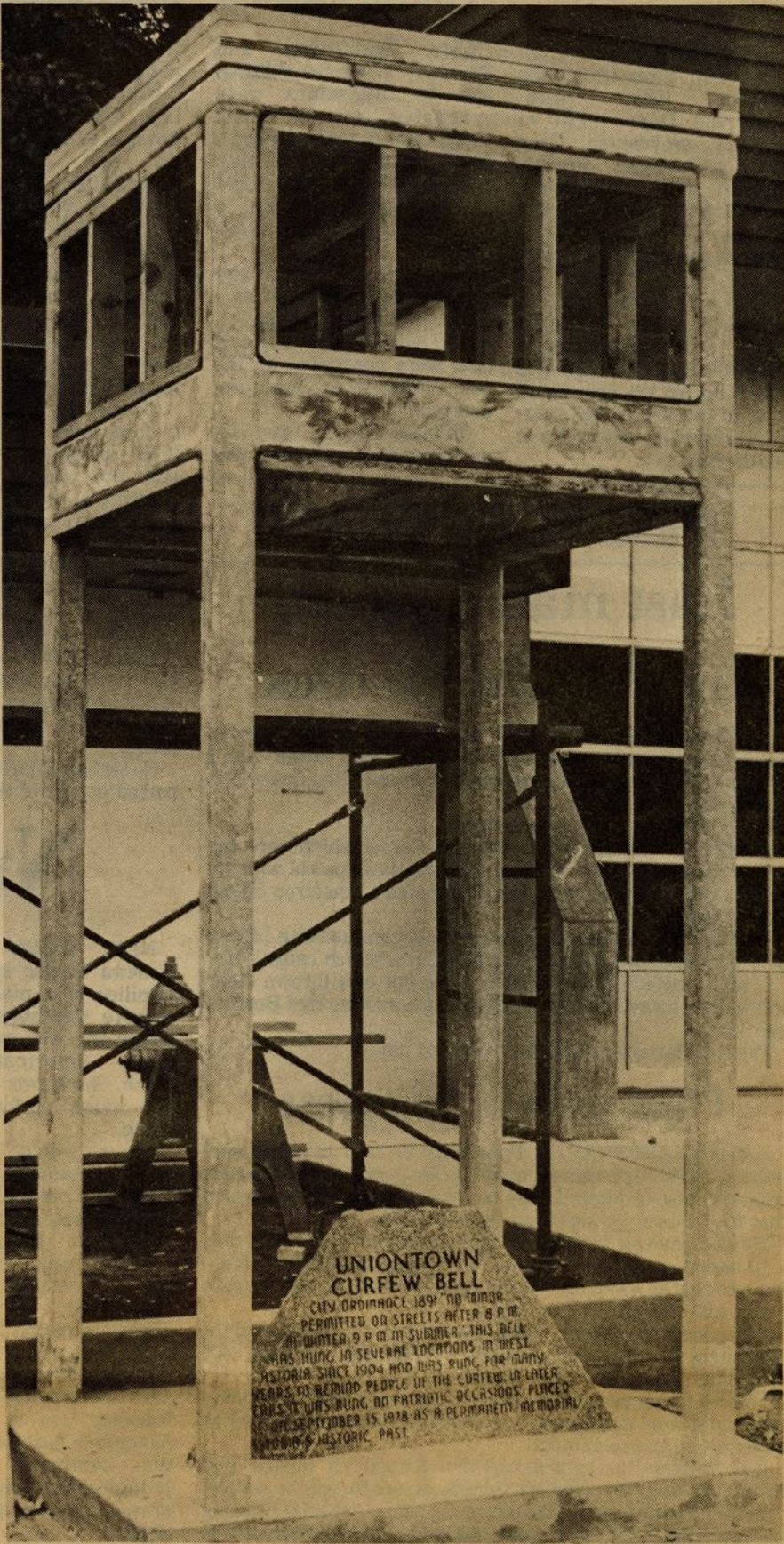
Bob Costa, recently assigned here as agricultural extension agent, is interested in the possibility of raising ginseng here, and is putting in an experimental plot at his place near Knappa, the extension office reported. Anyone who is knowledgeable about raising ginseng in the area is asked to communicate with the extension office.

I never could see any sense in saying that a 101 temperature on August 8, being the highest temperature ever recorded on an August 8, sets a record.

Yet the Portland Oregonian, under a headline saying "Scorchers in Portland hits record of 101," reports that the "record" was merely for August 8. There is no indication that maybe a previous August 7 or 9 or 10 had even higher temperatures than 101.

To me, it would be a true record if it was the hottest day in history, or even the hottest August day. But the hottest August 8? So what?

The Oregonian's story says nothing about what is the real heat record in Portland or how close Tuesday's 101 came to it, and to me that is the subject of real interest.



Suitable mounting for old Uniontown Curfew Bell now graces front of new West End fire station. A granite marker by Dick Thompson rests at base of bell tower, awaiting hanging of bell.



Immigrants nicknamed

Last week I wrote about some of the reminiscences of Ragnor Johnson of his early years in Astoria, and among these memories was a list of some of the "characters" and strange nicknames that existed here.

This reminded Stan Church of Clatsop Plains of a passage he had just read in the late Stewart Holbrook's book, "Far Corner."

Holbrook noted that there was once an era of John Johnsons here, due to the practice employers and county clerks had with Scandinavian immigrants who sought jobs or naturalization applications, but who didn't speak good English. If a name was not understood, the man was just dubbed John Johnson. There were too many of them here for people to keep their identities straight. Hence came the practice of nicknaming them.

Holbrook noted that the late Arthur Danielson, for many years Clatsop County engineer, had made a list of such nicknames. Among them were Sawmill Johnson, Cigar Store Johnson, Saloon Johnson, Tideland Johnson, Fernhill Johnson, Gum Boot Johnson, Rocking Horse Johnson, Copper Tack Johnson and Sugar Foot Johnson.

Nicknames of the last three, Holbrook wrote, were of unknown origin. However, if my memory is correct, I recall Rocking Horse Johnson as the same individual sometimes known as Woodchuck Johnson because he made a living putting wood into basements. The nickname Rocking Horse came from his gait, which to someone resembled the rolling of a rocking horse.

There was also Spruce Limb Johnson, Firebug Johnson, Peg Leg Johnson, One Arm Johnson, Canned Heat Johnson and Just-a-Minute Johnson, so called because he always replied with those words when he was intoxicated and a policeman asked him to come along.

Ragnor Johnson can testify to the proclivity of officials to name immigrants Johnson. His father came as a youth from Norway and his surname was Vatn. But an officious clerk, impatient with his broken English, named him Johnson and it stuck. He later became Tucker Creek Johnson when he bought a farm on Tucker Creek.

Like many Johnsons, he didn't bother to go to court to have his name corrected. It was too much trouble and cost money, besides.

My own daughter-in-law who lives

near Helix in northeastern Oregon, was named Newton. It seems this name was a corruption of Knutsen, which name her grandfather bore when he came to Umatilla County from Norway many years ago. When he applied for a homestead, some clerk misspelled his name as Newton, and the name stuck. Today there are dozens of Newtons living in the Helix area.

A scrap book of clippings about the salmon industry, evidently put together in the years 1905-12, was found by Bob Lovell in the loft of the old cannery at the foot of Fourth street when Lovell Auto Company acquired the building for storage of cars.

Bob loaned me the book and it makes interesting reading, dealing as it does with affairs in the heyday of the salmon industry on the Columbia. Who kept the scrapbook is unknown, but my guess is it might have been the late B.F. Stone, who had a salmon brokerage office in that cannery building for many years.

Bob Lovell says he salvaged several boxes full of old records which also were left in the loft, and that some day he hopes to find an enterprising youth who might be interested in going through the stuff to find something of historical value.

One of the first entries recalls the days when Baker Bay was filled with fish traps. It is a clipping from the Chinook Observer of January 19, 1906, reporting that the Washington Supreme Court had ruled for Augusta Johansen, who had sued F.Z. Heuston charging his new fishtrap was less than the legally required 900 feet distance from hers. The Chinook paper noted that this decision might affect many other Baker Bay traps.

A clipping from the Evening Budget of August 25, 1906, reports a "disappointing" fish pack of only 257,000 cases of salmon—about 10 times the present total annual pack on the Columbia. In addition, packers put up 7,035 tierces—800 pounds each—of pickled or mild-cured salmon, for export to Europe.

That's a lot of fish and at today's fantastic salmon prices would be worth millions and millions of dollars.

There were a dozen companies packing canned salmon on the river that year—Sanborn-Cutting Co., McGowan and Sons, Tallant-Grant Packing Co., Booth Packing Co., Megler and Co., Altoona Packing Co., Warren Packing Co., Fishermen's Coop

Co., Seaborg Co., Seufert Brothers, Pillar Rock Packing Co., Columbia River Packers Association, Inc. In addition, four firms—S. Schmidt & Co., J. Lindenberg, Klevenhusen and Co., and Vendsyssel Packing Co.,—packed only mild-cured fish and some frozen steelheads for the export trade.

Fishermen got an average of 6 cents a pound for their salmon hauls that year. Trap and seine-caught salmon received the same price.

There is a clipping of an artist's drawing showing eight square-rigged sailing ships in San Francisco bay preparing for the annual voyage to Alaska for the summer fishing season.

There is an interesting booklet put out by J.K. Armsby Company of San Francisco, which incidentally was negotiating to buy the eight canneries owned by Samuel Elmore of Astoria, who was called the biggest salmon packer in the world.

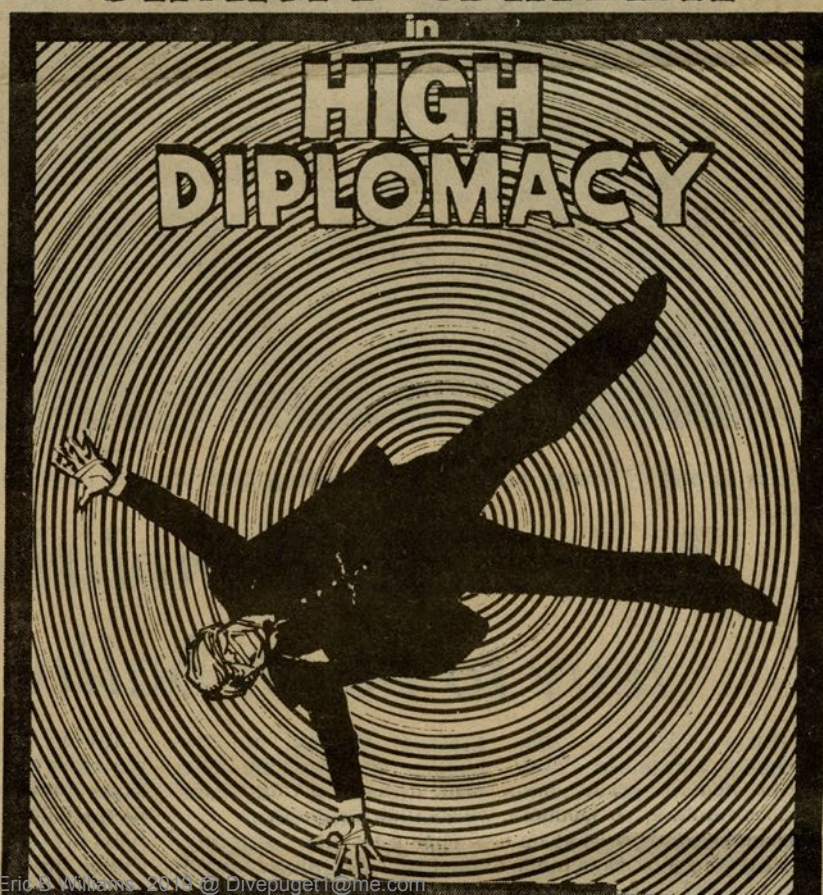
The booklet contained a report of the Pacific Coast salmon packs from 1890

to 1911, and in the latter year the total coast pack, including Alaska, amounted to 5.9 million cases of 48 one-pound cans. The Columbia River pack in those years varied from a low of 248,000 cases in 1901 to a high of 517,000 cases in 1895.

It was noteworthy that the Sacramento river's annual pack dwindled from 42,000 cases in 1897 to 4,750 cases in 1906, after which it ceased altogether. However, salmon continued to be put in tierces there, according to a letter from G.W. Hume Company of San Francisco to B.F. Stone in Astoria.

Lyle Anderson of Warrenton phoned the other day, after reading a Portland newspaper story about an attempt to rescue old hitching rings in the curb of a Portland street, to note the fact that there are hitching rings in the curbs around the courthouse block in Astoria. He thinks care should be taken to preserve these for their historic interest, and I concur.

JIMMY CARTER





Klep had big wartime role

Head of the naval agency in World War II that had the enormous task of preparing publications identifying ships, aircraft, uniforms and equipment of all the navies, armies and air forces of the United States, its allies and its enemies was an Astorian, Rolf Klep.

Klep is known today to all local folk as the founder and head of the Columbia River Maritime Museum. His active and important services in the great war are much less well known.

Born in Portland in 1904 and reared in Astoria, Klep has felt a lifelong attraction to the sea and ships. During an illustrious civilian career as a commercial artist in New York, he did much work for steamship lines, including many drawings of ships.

He did much illustrating of technical magazine articles, work which led him into the sort of similar tasks he handled for the Navy and other armed forces during the war.

Klep had offers from both the Army and Navy to work for them, even before the U.S. entered the war. But he chose the Navy.

"I was always fond of the Navy," he said.

He did some illustrations for the Army, Air Force and Navy before receiving a lieutenant's commission in the Navy.

He was picked for the publication end of the Division of Naval Intelligence by Comdr. Edward Mathews, an architect who had organized and headed a section for identification and characteristics of warships and aircraft.

Comdr. Mathews and Captain Charles G. Moore, who was in charge of preparing statistical information for the forces afloat, brought Klep into the section headed by Mathews. Later, when Mathews was assigned to sea duty, Lt. Klep was named head of the section, which became the Graphic Arts and Production Section.

"We assembled material submitted by various sections of the Navy, preparing many publications of identification material on ships, aircraft, uniforms, field equipment and the like," Klep said. "I set up an organization patterned after civilian activities I had learned in 22 years of commercial art work. We were overwhelmed with work and had to expand. Eventually we had 90 to 100 people, including some of the nation's top commercial artists, writers, architects and military experts producing illustrations and turning out publications for the armed forces."

Also the Army sent a contingent of people, headed by Lt. Gary Underwood, Life Magazine's military expert.

Klep recruited the best men he could

get for his section. Among them were Noel Sickles, a dynamic combat and action illustrator; Harry Devlin, who became later a famous cartoonist; John Faron, architect, who later did the Cornell University Fine Arts Museum; Artists Cy Coleman and Adolf Brotman; Rudy Wendlin, who later got a job drawing Smokey the Bear; Robert Parker, architect; Ed Luders, architect; Ted Luderowski, architect who studied at Cranbrook Academy with Ernest and Ebba Brown of Astoria; George Kidder-Smith, later a famous photographer, and many others.

One reason for the presence of many architects was their ability to make basic ship outlines and perspective views. Some of them said drawing a ship was much like drawing a building. They were also excellent at interpreting photos.

The section turned out more than 30 publications, some of them regular monthly and quarterly periodicals distributed among all the armed forces, and many single publications.

"For instance, we had a recognition manual listing all the ships in the world of 1,000 tons or more," Klep said. "We did the same for aircraft. We devised a 'Figure Eight' set of identification drawings of each enemy aircraft, showing eight positions of the plane while doing the figure eight maneuver."

The section made models of various ships and aircraft and photographed them in different attitudes.

"I remember that when the French battleship Richelieu was to come to Brooklyn Navy Yard for some repair work, we prepared material on it from some scanty photo sources and were able to inform the Navy that the

Richelieu could not get under Brooklyn Bridge. They lowered a mast and went through safely."

One of the highlights of Klep's wartime service was the two trips he made to various theaters of war.

"I was bitching about the material that came back from the field, so they sent me out to tell the people what we wanted," he said. The first trip was in 1943 when Klep was a lieutenant, the second in 1945 when he was a lieutenant commander.

Despite his low rank, he was given authority to go where he wanted and cooperation of personnel in the various theaters was enjoined by high naval authority.

"I visited all the theaters and was treated royally," he said. "They were preparing for the invasion of Europe at that time and were eager for our material."

The itinerary of Lt. Klep's first trip is amazing. Stops included London, Marrakesh, Algiers, Cairo, Khartoum, Aden, Miserah Island off the Arab coast, Karachi, New Delhi, Bombay, Bangalore, Cochin, all in India; Colombo, Trincomalee in Ceylon; Vizagapatam, Calcutta, Dibrugahr in India; Kunming, Chungking and Chengtu, China; back to Sookerting, Dinjan, Chabua, Lalimiharhat, Agra, New Delhi, Karachi in India, Cairo and Algiers; Oran, Gibraltar, Port Lyautey, the Azores, Bermuda and back to the U.S.

"When I crossed the Atlantic for this trip, I discovered I was on the same plane with Sir Leigh Mallory, head of the Royal Air Force and of the allied Air Force," Klep said. I have his autograph in one of my books. When we approached Prestwick air field in

Scotland, he invited me to headquarters in London to tell his officers the story of what we had been doing in our section. He also offered the use of a car to tour London and flight back to Prestwick. Being short of time, I had to decline.

"Two weeks later he was shot down and lost over the Bay of Biscay."

Lt. Klep had been give courier status to facilitate obtaining transport for the trip. He was much pleased because he was showered with accolades for his section's work everywhere he went.

On his second trip in 1945, which covered much of the same territory as the first plus more time in Europe, his plane from Marrakesh to Algiers picked up Libby Holman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. of Hollywood, on their way to entertain troops in Algiers.

"I have both their autographs," said Klep. "Also a nice note from Fairbanks."

Fairbanks was a Navy officer, who had been on duty aboard a destroyer on the run to Murmansk in the North Atlantic.

For a time on this trip, Klep rode on the same plane with Lawrence Steinhardt, ex-U.S. ambassador to Russia, who invited him to come along to the Teheran summit conference with Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin. Again, Klep had to decline because of time pressure.

One of the mementoes of his wartime service in which Klep takes pride is a manual published by the U.S. Army Ordnance Department, criticizing the publications issued by the Army and noting that the best jobs of identification in the armed forces were the Navy identification manuals prepared by the office of Naval Intelligence.

PRINCIPAL COMBATANT TYPES

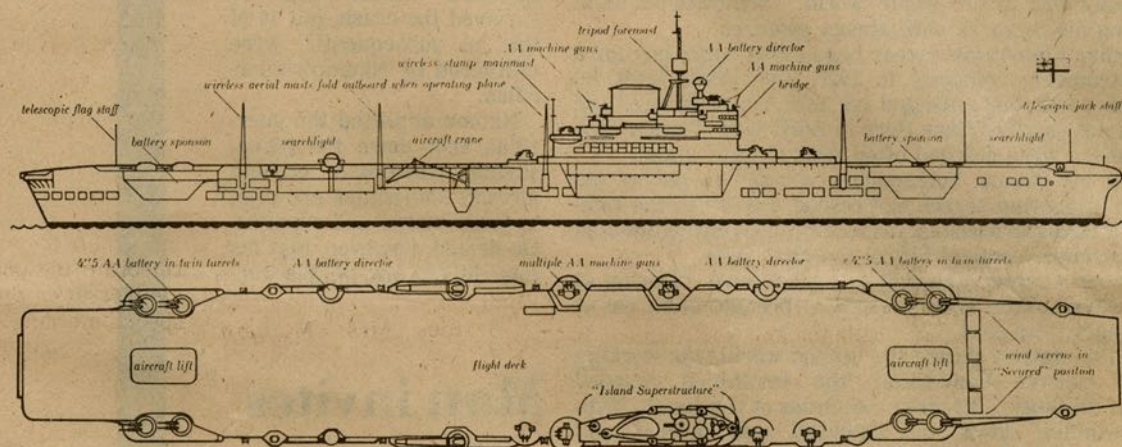


Illustration from 'Ship Shape, Anatomy and Types of Naval Vessels'



Land grant background

Recently the Portland Oregonian ran a story by its Washington, D.C. correspondent reporting concern among the 18 western Oregon O & C land grant counties, lest a money-hungry Congress might change the formula that distributes \$58 million or so a year to those counties.

Which brings to mind the fact that Clatsop is the only western Oregon county that doesn't share in O&C revenues.

What are the O&C land grants and why are they so lucrative for the 18 counties?

Back in the mid-years of the 19th century, when the US government was promoting construction of railroads to open up the West, it adopted a program of giving extensive land grants to rail lines.

One of the promotions of those days was the Oregon & California Railroad, between Portland and San Francisco, and it obtained the standard grant—alternate sections in a strip 40 miles wide on each side of the line. The land was, of course, thickly forested.

But the O&C was never built. The land eventually reverted to federal ownership. The 18 counties screamed about all the taxes they were losing, so a special formula was devised giving the counties a large share of any revenues derived from the lands.

Sale of timber from the O&C lands, which are managed by the Bureau of Land Management, has become extremely lucrative. The counties, as mentioned above, got \$58 million last year.

Revenues have built up so fast, in fact, that the BLM hasn't been able to spend all its share for management purposes. A surplus has built up, amounting to \$17 million. Hence the concern that Congress might revise the formula and strip the 18 counties of at least some of their fat O&C revenues.

But what of Clatsop? What do we care, since we have no O&C lands?

Well, Clatsop has a huge public forest

of its own, which is bringing around \$2 million annually now to the tax-levying bodies of the county in lieu of property taxes. It is owned not by Uncle Sam, but by the state of Oregon, and is managed, not by the BLM, but by the Oregon Forestry Board.

So, where the O&C counties need to be concerned about a possible congressional rip-off, we need to be concerned about a money-hungry legislature, many of whose members are probably ignorant of how this public forest was created and why it is properly Clatsop County's own baby.

In the 1920s there was no public forest in Clatsop. In the 1930s, under depression conditions and the pressure of high taxes that resulted from artificially high assessed values, timber owners adopted a "cut and get out policy." They had to, or lose all. Owners abandoned their cut-over lands, which reverted to the county through tax foreclosure.

What to do with this land, which was coming into county hands by the tens of thousands of acres? Crown-Zellerbach was buying up some of it, to provide the basis for that company's huge Clatsop forest holdings of today, but much remained in county ownership.

The county court, under the far-sighted leadership of the late County Judge Guy Boyington, with the cooperation of community leaders, conceived the idea of retaining this property, which had mounted to more than 100,000 acres, as a public county forest, to guard against any repetition of the disaster of the 1930s and possibly to provide a future source of timber that could be used to attract timber-processing industry to the area.

But the county had no resources for the costly job of forest management. The state Forestry Department, however, was just getting into forest management on a big scale in the neighboring Tillamook burn area, where it was handling reforestation of some 200,000 acres.

The upshot was that, with the enthusiastic cooperation of then Gov. Charles Sprague, a bill was pushed through the 1939 legislature providing for state ownership and management of the Clatsop public forest, for the benefit of Clatsop County. The transfer of title to the state was not only to provide for state management of the forest but, it was felt, would prevent any disruption of the program from local political pressures.

The 1939 act provided for establishment of authorized annual allowable cut as trees on the lands grew to maturity. It also set up a formula for distribution of the revenues—15 per cent off the top for the State Forest Management account, then the rest to be split, 25 per cent to the state for managing the Clatsop forest, 75 per cent to the county for distribution in lieu of taxes to schools, county, port, cities and other taxing districts.

The program has remained basically intact and has succeeded beyond expectations.

The public forest now totals 147,000 acres—a third of Clatsop's total 515,000-acre land area. It undoubtedly played a part in bringing the Crown-Zellerbach Wauna mill to the area and has helped logging operations, sawmills and a plywood mill to stay in business.

The annual allowable cut has increased as the young trees of three and four decades ago have grown toward maturity. The state has had funds for building access roads, tree planting and other forest management practices.

The annual allowable cut is expected to peak at more than 500 million board feet in the 1990's and level off at about that point, on into the future.

"But we are now in a genetic program, trying to raise super-trees," said Chet Reed, district forester for the state. "This could increase growth. Also, we don't yet have the answer to fertilization. We are doing a little experimentation, spraying fertilizer from helicopters."

This is in addition to a regular program of reforestation.

"What we cut this summer, we try to replant next winter," Reed said.

Revenues for the county for the past five years have been: \$465,000 for 1970; \$584,000 for 1971; \$1,004,000 for 1972; \$2,201,000 for 1973, and \$1,973,000 for 1974.

What of the future? The state Forestry Department estimates total revenues—including both county and state shares—at \$67.8 million for the 1975-85 decade; \$111.4 million for 1985-95, and \$107.3 million for 1995-2005, when the annual allowable cut levels off.

Which means that taxing bodies of the county should have a comfortable source of revenue for the foreseeable future, which will help to cushion any fluctuations in property tax revenues as economic conditions vary.

Where once we envied the O&C counties, maybe someday soon they will envy us.

But we must jealously keep an eye on state government, which has been giving us a few kicks in the teeth lately, to see that no attempt is made to destroy this program.

Hiram Johnson, county commissioner and member of the State Forestry Board, warns that vigilance is necessary. He is concerned about what the legislature could and might do, in ignorance of the fact that this program was created by and for Clatsop County, with the state somewhat in the nature of a contractor hired to manage the problem.

At least, we don't have to worry about a growing surplus in the state's management fund, such as concerns the O&C counties.

"We use up all our share in the management program," said Reed. "Actually, we are in an austerity program right now, due to the 1974 slump in the timber market."



Long climb long remembered

Did anyone ever climb the precipitous cliff on the seaward face of Cape Disappointment?

Willis West, former Warrenton resident, was reminiscing the other day and recalled the day in 1928 when he and Don Beelar, another Warrenton boy, made this climb.

West says he has never heard of anyone else doing it and that Coast Guard people at Cape Disappointment station told him it couldn't be done.

West said that he and Beelar were working that summer for Columbia River Packers' Association, Inc., on the salmon seining ground on Peacock Spit, which in those days spread along the foot of Cape Disappointment.

One afternoon, when the seining crew was idle between tides, the two youths wandered over to the base of the cliff. In getting there they had to cross a small lagoon. West was wearing leather shoes and didn't want to soak them in salt water, so Beelar, wearing tennis shoes, volunteered to carry him across. The water proved hip deep and Beelar was exhausted when they reached the far shore.

"I recall resting at the base of the cliff and deciding to try to scale it rather than go back through the lagoon," Beelar wrote in a recent reminiscent letter to West.

"The going was pretty good for the first 50 to 75 feet," West recalled. "Then it got steeper and Beelar ventured over to the northward, and out of my sight, and found fair going. I had leather shoes and feared to follow him, so kept going straight up.

"I began to realize I couldn't climb back down in case it got too steep. One couldn't see to step down without leaning away from the rock and falling. I went off to the eastward and got trapped in a crevice in the cliff. I climbed into this crevice and up it until I was stopped by an overhang, which meant I had to jump across to the other side of the crevice. As I remember, it took several hours for me to get up the nerve to make the jump. It was a long jump and required me to land on one foot on a rock about a foot square. It had to hold my entire weight for a few seconds until I could plant the other foot nearby. I was afraid the rock would give way with my weight and it would be curtains for me, as I was then about 100 feet above the rocks below.

"When I landed on the rock, I grabbed for everything in sight and laid breathless against the rock with my fingernails digging in. After a rest, I worked further up to the westward and in about another hour I began to find the rock sloping away and getting more flat. Finally I was on my knees and crawled to the upper ledge."

West said he never has met anyone who could remember this cliff had ever been climbed by someone else.

"When I stood at the top and looked down the route I had come up, it really scared me," he said.

The two boys returned by a different route to the barns and bunkhouse of the seiners on Peacock spit.

West's job there was driving a team, one of those that hauled the seine. He recalled getting Beelar a job by telling foreman Henry Pice that Beelar was a "real skinner." Beelar actually knew nothing about horses, so after Pice agreed to hire him, West had to show Beelar how to harness a team. Evidently he succeeded, for Beelar kept the job.

West was reared in Warrenton, where his father butchered and sold meat. His uncle was former Gov. Oswald West. Later he became an attorney, served as Clatsop county district attorney in the 1930s, and later spent many years on the staff of the district attorney in Portland. After World War II, in which he saw four years of Army service, he was for a time prosecutor of Japanese accused of war crimes in Shanghai. Now retired, he lives in Tigard. Recently he bought the property on which his boyhood home stood in Warrenton. He has built there a small summer home on the spot where his old home burned down.

Beelar, who went on from Warrenton High to become student body president at U. of Oregon, later took a law degree at George Washington University and practiced law in Washington, D.C., until his retirement. He now lives in North Carolina.

West recalled how the two young men had studied Blackstone's Commentaries in the bunk house on Peacock spit.

The seining grounds of the Columbia Estuary in those years were a much-sought chance for summer work for college and high school students, because the pay was good if fish were abundant.

Mrs. Garnet Green of Astoria has just published a small booklet, written by her late brother, Delbert Griffin, with her help, that deals with early days in Cannon Beach in interesting fashion.

Their father had acquired in 1892 a 160-acre government homestead claim of 160 acres at Cannon Beach from R.E. and Rosetta McGuire, and the family spent summers there in a house built by their father and Mike Powers, a logger.

In those days it was nearly a full day's journey from Astoria to Cannon Beach. A wagon road from Seaside to Elk Creek followed an old Indian trail after fording the Necanicum river.

It was a one-way road, muddy after rains, and "the driver would halt at intervals and give forth a bellow that echoed and re-echoed. If there was no response, he knew the road was clear and would proceed" to the next turnout.

At Elk Creek it was necessary to wait for low tide, when it was safe to ford the creek. From there south it was easy going on the sand beach, four miles to where the Griffin family had their cottage.

One big spruce tree provided the lumber to build the cottage, and to furnish it with bedsteads, kitchen table and chairs. The kitchen stove and two rocking chairs were the only furnishings brought from outside.

"The beach during the early years we spent there was pretty much as the Indians had left it," the book says. "It was primitive, unspoiled with everything in abundance, including clams, crabs, mussels and fish. There were few tourists, but a few vacationers would arrive and camp for a week or so."

Eventually in 1903 Clatsop County took over the road to Cannon Beach and improved it, bridging Elk Creek. Mark Warren, one of the early pioneers there, built the Warren Hotel at Tolovana Park. It was a two-story log structure with a rock fireplace nine feet wide.

Several people had taken up 160 acre claims when the beach was thrown open for settlement about 1890. The government set up a post office south of Hug Point. Some 14 settlers took up

claims from Tolovana south to Arch Cape.

There were two hotels before 1900, the Logan House on the north side of Elk Creek and the Austin House a half mile south.

After the post office was established, a mail run was started from Seaside to Cannon Beach and a second run from Tillamook to Cannon Beach. The mail carriers met at the Austin House to exchange mail.

"Too much praise cannot be given those early day carriers, as the travel was hazardous, especially during the winter months when storms prevented use of the beach and they were forced to use the trails over Arch Cape, Short Sand Beach, False Tillamook, Humbug and Hug Points," says the author. "I believe the first carrier from Seaside to Cannon Beach was John Gerritse. Both carriers had to use saddle horses during winter."

Hug Point was a natural barrier to the area south of it. It got its name because it was possible to dig hand and footholds on the sandstone face of the point and get around it by hugging the cliff when the tide covered the beach in front. Much later, a crude road was cut out of the sandstone around the point above high tide level.



N.Y. Times lauds Astoria

It is always interesting to see ourselves as others see us, and it is even more pleasing when others see us in a flattering light.

Such is an account of a visit to Astoria, which appeared in the June 25 edition of the New York Sunday Times. The story, with accompanying pictures, occupies half the front page of the travel section and another half-page breakover on the inside.

The Daily Astorian received a couple of copies of this article, written by Ivan Doig, who is identified as a Seattle writer. Harry Steinbock brought in a copy his wife had received from a relative in New York, while Arthur Sandstrom brought in one he had received from his brother in that city.

Doig's article, based on a weekend visit, gives an unusual viewpoint on the Maritime Museum, historic homes, and the Astoria Column, which he describes as "much like a giant barber pole covered with tattoos."

He goes on to say that the column, "the city's overtopping achievement," provides an awesome viewing point. "From the top — that is, up its 166 steps since there is no elevator — the full breadth and might of the Columbia becomes apparent. The river pours forth . . . with a flow 13 times greater than that of the Hudson." Doig was impressed by "the ruler-straight line of the Pacific" and the "rumpled peaks and camelbacks of the Coast Range."

The Maritime Museum presents what to Doig seemed "one of the most off-handedly impressive collections imaginable. The miscellany out of Astoria's nautical past makes a remarkable visual medley of figureheads, ship models, intricate knotwork, generations of navigational gear and cabin fittings and, as if exploring right along with the visitor, a deep-sea diver's suit casually descending from one corner."

But his favorite stop in the museum was the "quilt-bright collection of canned salmon labels from Astoria's glory days as a cannery port, one specimen of which carried the straightforward advice of the merchandisers of Portrait Brand salmon — 'Directions: serve hot or cold.'"

Doig and his photographer wife went on Mrs. Vera Gault's walking tour of historic homes, where he noted that "the most individualistic of the street's (Franklin Avenue's) several bulky exercises in Victoriana is the house at No. 1243, which has a front porch giddily decorated with whorl-like designs of spindlework."

But he also poked around town on his own, he said, and discovered "the most architecturally daft block I have ever seen" on Exchange Street between 15th and 16th.

"The five structures . . . range approximately from blockhouse to

hothouse in design," the bemused Doig wrote. "One sits hulking vaguely like an aground version of the Civil War gunboat Merrimac. A couple of others have entirely mystifying architectural pedigrees. The conservatory-like glass-and-metal concoction on the corner would do for the set of a Tennessee Williams play. All in all, the block makes a startling kind of rogues' gallery of dwellings at odds with one another in style and paint and pretension and all else except for the coincidence of standing as neighbors."

Noting that Astoria "had a beginning swaddled in both fur and fir," Doig finds that "part of the pleasantly persisting anomaly of the community is that today's archetypal Astorian is a Finnish-descended fisherman or logger swapping yarns over coffee at the Pig 'n Pancake and that this oldest American settlement on the Pacific shore still has neighborhoods that look as if they are barely holding even in the contest with the forest."

Glenn Daugherty, who was with the Columbia River Maritime Museum as director during the first three years of its existence (1963-5) is now living in Naselle in retirement, and he and Mrs. Daugherty plan to build a home there.

Daughtery called The Astorian the other day to report that he has a signature of John Jacob Astor's and wants to sell it. He said he acquired the signature many years ago and believes he bought it through a Boston book

store.

The signature — Astor signed his name rather floridly — is on a notification of a bill owed to Astor by his business partner. It was written in the early 1800s.

After leaving the Maritime Museum here, Daughtery was for several years in Oregon City in charge of the historic Barclay house, which was contemporary to Dr. John McLoughlin's home there.

Thomas Vaughan, director of the Oregon Historical Society, had a Fourth of July piece in the Portland Oregonian the other day, lamenting the decline in the teaching of history in the state's schools and the consequent ignorance of the subject among young Oregonians.

I would like to add a sincere "amen" to what Vaughan had to say. Among the most appalling developments in education in recent years has been the decline in history instruction — even the abandonment of American history instruction in some school systems.

The Fourth of July — Independence Day in case you have forgotten or never learned in school — is one of the few remaining holidays that doesn't move around the calendar so it can always fall on Monday. But if we raise a generation that does not know what it means, then obviously it soon will become just another Monday holiday that provides a long summer weekend.

To understand our country and its

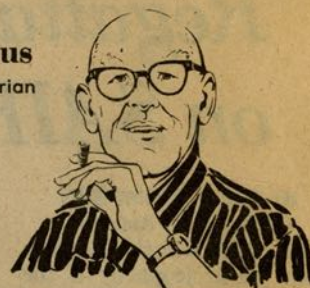
problems today, we must know something of its past. We must know where we have been and how we have progressed in order to understand where we are and get some idea where we are tending and where we should go. History is a subject as vital as the three Rs.

Along the same line, there has been a comparable decline in the teaching and learning of English for some years.

In newspaper work, where I have been for 50 years, one has to hire reporters at times and most of the candidates come from the university schools of journalism, where acquiring the ability to write intelligible English should be mandatory. Yet in the past decade or two, there have been many candidates for news-writing jobs who couldn't write a simple sentence properly.

I have seen university graduates bog down hopelessly in the minor complexities of writing a story about a county or city budget.

English, like history, is a vital, basic subject in education. To learn it, one must undergo a certain amount of drudgery in learning the rules of grammar and in writing compositions that teach one to set down his thoughts logically on paper. One can't learn it from merely reading. There is more to education than fun and games. Some drudgery is inevitable, and good teachers will insist on it, for the student's own good.



Needs suitable memorial

Buried in a nearly-unmarked grave in a corner of the Pioneer Memorial Cemetery behind the Clatsop Plains church lies Dr. Alfred Coleman Kinney, one of Astoria's most distinguished citizens.

He deserves a better memorial.

Dr. Kinney was the principal organizer of the Oregon Board of Health and a member of the original board; the first and 50th president of the Oregon Medical Society, which he helped organize; an active worker in the campaign to bring a railroad to Astoria; a promoter of deeper water on the Columbia River bar, and one of the leading campaigners for general economic development of this area.

Dr. Kinney died a third of a century ago, and it seems high time a more suitable marker was provided for his grave. The suggestion has been made that such an effort be attempted; it surely should be.

Alfred Kinney was the youngest son of Robert and Eliza Kinney, who came to Oregon in 1847 and settled on a farm near Newberg, where Alfred was born January 20, 1850. He died in Portland July 12, 1943, at the age of 93.

He attended school in Newberg and went to McMinnville College, where he took pre-medical courses. He went to Bellevue Hospital Medical School in New York, where he graduated in 1872.

Dr. Kinney returned to Oregon, practiced medicine in Portland, Heppner and Salem before coming to Astoria in 1886. An elder brother, Dr. Augustus Kinney, was already in medical practice here.

While in Portland he performed the first surgical operation in St. Vincent Hospital, where he would die many years later.

In 1875 he helped organize the Oregon Medical Society and became its first president. He would also become its fiftieth president in 1924, when he was practicing in Astoria.

Dr. Kinney became active in the civic affairs of Astoria and was a leading campaigner for both a deep water channel on the bar and a railroad.

Dr. Kinney was the first president of the Astoria and Columbia River Railroad Company and a vice-president of the Astoria and Seaside Railroad.

In 1903, Dr. Kinney took an important part in obtaining passage by the Oregon

Legislature of a measure establishing the Oregon State Board of Health, and became one of its original members. He took the lead in the board's efforts to stamp out typhoid fever in Oregon.

Dr. Kinney retired from practice in 1929, but lived 14 more years.

One of Dr. Kinney's most notable achievements for Astoria was to produce a successful finish to a campaign for a railroad that had lasted more than a quarter century — a campaign that had encountered much frustration along the way. It was comparable in length and difficulty to the later campaign for a bridge across the Columbia, which many present residents know well.

There is not space here to tell the long story of the railroad campaign, but it needs to be told some day.

The effort began before 1870, when the federal government gave land grants for railroads from Portland to McMinnville and to Astoria.

The original Astoria dream called for a railway via the Nehalem valley, McMinnville, Eugene and Klamath Falls to a connection with the new Union Pacific at Winnemucca, Nevada.

The 1870 land grant calling for a line to Portland went to Ben Holladay, an early-day promoter for whom Holladay Drive in Seaside is named.

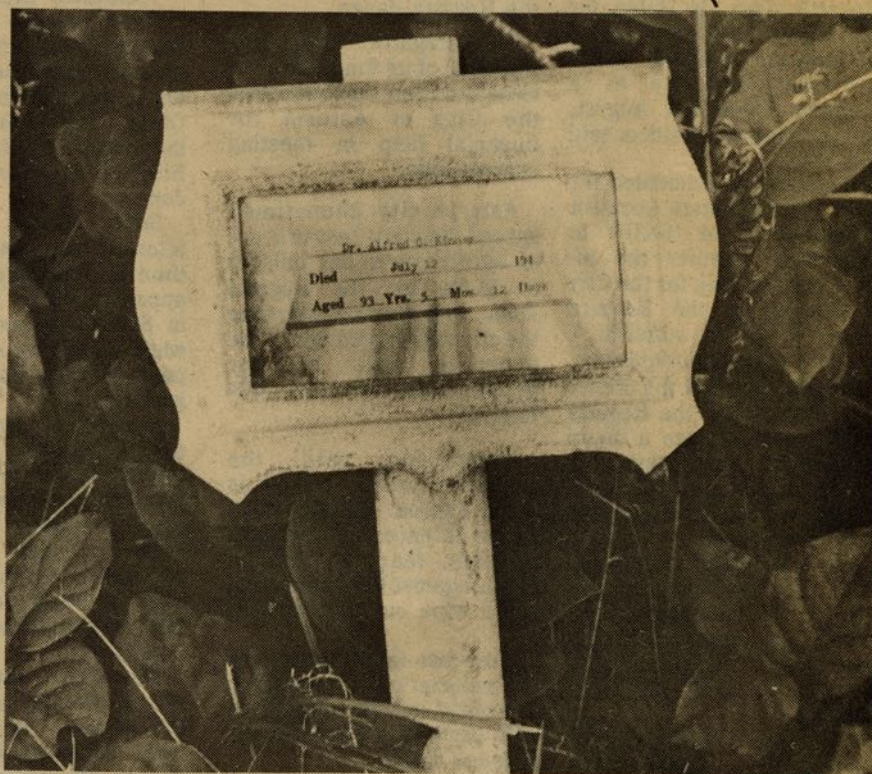
He was more interested in a line from Portland to the Willamette valley, however, and did nothing about the Astoria project.

A succession of under-financed companies were promoted over succeeding years, wangling concessions from Astoria businessmen in the form of cash pledges of land.

Henry Villard, one of the famous railway builders of the past century, at one time acquired the land grant for the Portland-Astoria line, and built it as far as Goble, north of St. Helens, where railway ferries took cars across the Columbia to Goble to connect with Puget Sound cities.

One promoter, still dreaming of the Astoria-Winnemucca route, actually graded 17 miles of track out the Lewis and Clark valley, started a tunnel at Saddle Mountain, and built a 14,000-foot, \$90,000 trestle around Smith Point before he went broke.

It was in the 1890s that Dr. Kinney



Simple placard identifies grave of Dr. Alfred Coleman Kinney

came into the railroad project. The Astoria and South Coast Railway Company was organized in 1887, with Marshall J. Kinney, a brother of Dr. Kinney and a cannery operator, as one of the incorporators.

Dr. Kinney himself became chairman of its successor, the Astoria and Portland Railway Company, formed in 1892. After one promoter vanished, together with all the company funds, the Astoria group eventually attracted the interest of A. B. Hammond, an experienced railway builder who had helped construct the Northern Pacific's transcontinental route.

Astoria met his demands for a subsidy, providing 3,000 acres of land in Astoria and 1,500 acres in Flavel, plus free right-of-way for the 66 miles to Goble.

Dr. Kinney led this campaign as chairman of the Astoria group, and he was among those on hand when the final spike for the new line was driven

near Clatskanie April 3, 1898.

Certainly such a useful citizen as this deserves a permanent marker on his grave.

Speaking of railroads, there was a news item the other day about the Port of Coos Bay asking Amtrak to conduct a feasibility study for passenger service between there and Eugene.

This suggests a possible alternative to the current efforts to save air service to Astoria. Why not revive the effort for a fast railway car running between Astoria and Portland if no air service can be found?

A fast self-propelled car, or two-car train, making stops only in Seaside, Astoria, Rainier and St. Helens, could get people between Astoria and downtown Portland almost as fast as a commuter air line, and for less fare.

With gasoline prices rising and a shortage threatened, such service might soon become well patronized.



Norwegian official visits



Paul Thyness

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization isn't working as well as it ought to, but is still a viable agency and vitally important to the U.S., as well as to western European nations.

Such is the opinion of Paul Thyness, president of Nordmanns-Forbundet, or World League of Norsemen, who is also a member of the Norwegian Storting of Parliament, and a vice-president of NATO. He was guest at a reception and luncheon given by the Astoria chapter of the Forbundet Sunday, after attending services at First Lutheran Church here. Local Norwegians say he may become the next president of NATO's political assembly.

NATO suffers in military effectiveness from the fact that its 15 member nations have 15 different kinds of military equipment, despite the fact that for nearly 30 years efforts have been under way to provide uniform equipment, Thyness said.

Efforts to achieve uniformity are still going on, Thyness added, but have to overcome such obstacles as the desire of each country to make and use its own arms.

Thyness noted that prices in Norway are high enough to shock visitors, but that "Norway is still a lovely country and is a land where American visitors are welcome and made to feel so."

In a recent public opinion poll in Norway as to popularity of other countries, the United States was far ahead of all others.

Similarity of attitudes and spirit is one reason for this feeling toward Americans, Thyness thinks. He expressed admiration also for the fact that the U.S. is the only nation of large size ever to make democracy work.

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As to high prices, Thyness said that the government took some of the receipts from North Seas oil to strengthen the economy after a recession in the early 1970s, and the effort didn't work. Instead, prices, wages and taxes all rose.

"We came out of the recession with higher prices than the rest of the world," Thyness noted.

To call a halt to this excessive inflation, the government has just fixed prices and wages for 15 months to enable world prices to catch up with those of Norway, but Thyness expressed doubts that this measure will succeed.

"When you impose a freeze like this, you build pressure underneath," he commented. "When the freeze is lifted, prices could shoot up rapidly again."

The average Norwegian doesn't particularly feel the high prices, as wages have moved upward correspondingly, Thyness said. But, obviously, the tourist business suffers from them.

One factor that keeps taxes up is the cost of the many social services the government provides the Norwegian people, Thyness said. Among them is medical service. Astorians who have visited Norway and sustained accident or injury have benefitted from the low-

cost medical service there.

Norway subsidizes industry to help keep the economy going. The giant shipbuilding industry, for instance, is subsidized to the tune of \$38,000 per worker, Thyness said.

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Back to NATO. Thyness told his Astoria audience that Russia, with the most modern fleet and the greatest number of submarines of any world power, has the capacity to fire missiles to any part of the U.S. from waters off

the coast of Norway. Most of its submarines are based close to the point where Norway and Russia have a common border along the Barents Sea coast.

"So we need NATO and U.S. friendship," said Thyness, "since the USSR is 60 times our size."

Also, he said, this situation makes Norway important to the U.S., as a base to maintain surveillance of Russian activity in the adjacent seas and for defense of the sea lanes.

The U.S. and Norway are maintaining a surveillance of the nearby seas jointly, Thyness noted.

The Norwegian visitor said the tax revolt in the U.S. as exemplified in California's Proposition 13 surprises Norwegians.

"You pay 31.8 per cent of income to support government; in Norway we pay 51.9 per cent," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Thyness are on a tour of the western United States. Their Astoria visit was sponsored by the Astoria chapter and Oregon branch of the Normanns Forbundet.

Trygve Duos of the Astoria chapter was chairman of the luncheon meeting, while state officers led by Kaare Bang, Eugene, state president, also attended. At an annual election of state officers, Bang and other officers were re-elected without opposition.

Among visitors was Johan Mehlum, who was with First National Bank here at the early 1950s and helped found the Astoria Forbundet chapter, of which he was the first president. He is now president of the Siuslaw Valley bank of Florence.

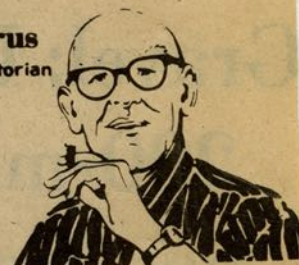
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Everett W. Whealdon, Port Townsend, Wash., has written a short historical novel, "Cape Disappointment," full of the flavor of the days just after the white man came to the Lower Columbia area.

The book's protagonist, Frank Jones, came to the Astoria area as a youth and had a multitude of adventures, including digging up the Spanish treasure on Neahkahnie Mountain.

The eventual fate of the treasure is part of the story in the book. Characters like Concomly, Jane Barnes, and the fur traders who sold Astoria to the British are prominent in it. Whealdon makes the Indian characters in the book seem authentic and one gets a good look at what life must have been like when the British flag flew over Fort George.

The book is published by Argus Press, Seattle.



Old military road

One of the historic sites to be marked with a slab of the Tillamook County granite recently acquired by the Clatsop Historical Advisory Committee is the spot where the old military road crosses present Highway 26.

There is presently a wooden marker beside the highway, just east of the Elsie Community, to mark this location. This marker, however, is small, hard to spot, disintegrating and in the wrong place, says Russell Dark, chairman of the advisory committee.

The old military road actually crossed present Highway 26 near the new rest area close to Sterling Ranch, just this side of the Sunset Springs wayside.

There is, in fact, a stream in this vicinity called Military Creek, a tributary of Rock Creek. It takes its name, according to Dark, because there was a construction camp beside it during building of the military road in the 1850s.

What was the old military road? Several people have asked this question.

In 1854 — again, according to Dark, who has done a great deal of research on the subject — Congress appropriated \$30,000 to construct a road between Forest Grove and Astoria for transport of supplies to forts at the mouth of the river.

Actually, there were no forts yet at the river mouth, but there had been considerable agitation for fortifying the strategic river entrance. The dispute with Great Britain over the Oregon country had only recently been settled, and there was still suspicion of Britain's intentions, particularly since a naval base was being established at Esquimalt on Vancouver Island.

So Congress authorized a road to

supply the forts, although it didn't get around to building the forts until a decade later, during the Civil War.

The entire route of the proposed road, which then ran through old growth forest all the way, was surveyed in 1855 by a firm called Trutch Brothers. Construction began in 1856 with Lt. George Derby in charge.

In 1857 the road was declared Postal Route No. 4416-B. The mail carrier left Astoria Monday morning reaching Forest Grove by noon Wednesday. Postage cost 60 cents a letter. Dark reports that several carriers lost toes to frost bite during winter trips.

In April 1869 the Clatsop County commissioners, in response to a petition from citizens of the county, designated the military road as a county road from Astoria to the crossing of the Nehalem, and the commissioners soon afterward appropriated \$300 to bridge the Nehalem.

In 1873 Jacob Kamm filed a petition with the county commissioners on January 10, objecting to the route of the military road, which crossed his farm on the Klaskanine River near Olney. In 1875 the commissioners changed the route, so as to leave Youngs River at the foot of Green Mountain.

In 1895 the Rev. William Travis, a Presbyterian missionary, made the trip from Forest Grove to Astoria in a buckboard. This is supposed to be the only time a wheeled vehicle made it over the full length of the road, which had been used only by horseback riders and pack horses.

In 1921 the road, which had been closed several years due to fallen trees, was reopened to pack animals by W.J. Brayton of Saddle Mountain Logging Company.

By 1975 large stretches of the road are virtually forgotten, although one stretch of it in the upper Walluski area is still being used by trucks hauling logs

down from the Pipeline Road.

The road is still a county road as far as the Nehalem River, as it has never been vacated since the 1869 dedication.

For folk interested in this historic but little used and half forgotten thoroughfare, there are old maps in the county roadmaster's office that show most of the route. It wound through the hills and valleys of the Coast Range, coming diagonally across Clatsop County.

The spot where it crossed the Nehalem is not surely known, but was somewhere in the Elsie vicinity. From Elsie it came toward Astoria, passing west of Saddle Mountain, down Youngs River, across the Walluski and over the hill into Astoria, terminating at about 37th street in the East End.

Carl Labiske of Crest Motel, who as a youth lived in the Walluski district, says that the pilings of the bridge that once carried the road across the Little Walluski River are still visible.

Recently a subscriber wrote the editor of this newspaper complaining because no one was doing anything about the tent caterpillar infestation in the alder trees in the Clatskanie-Westport area. The critters have been chewing the leaves, making unsightly nests and "killing the trees," was the complaint.

Well, trying to do something about tent caterpillars is like trying to sweep back the ocean with a broom. We get cycles of several years of them in this country, followed by periods when they are apparently absent for a few years.

The lower Columbia area has been enjoying freedom from the pests for several years until they reappeared in big numbers in eastern Clatsop this summer. We might as well brace ourselves for a few more summers in which they will denude the alders and various other trees with the kinds of leaves they like to eat.

Fortunately, they seldom kill trees.

The county extension agent's office reports that the only reasonably effective way to deal with the creatures is by spraying. Now, however, due to concern of environmentalists, use of DDT and other anti-caterpillar sprays is forbidden. So we just have to endure them until nature takes care of the problem.

There is a parasite that attacks the eggs. After a few years of caterpillar abundance, these parasites and other natural enemies become so plentiful that they cut the supply of caterpillars down almost to zero and we will have several years of immunity, until the cycle starts again.

Bicycling doesn't seem to have caught on in Astoria as it has in other areas. Probably one reason is that we have too many hills to pedal up laboriously.

At any rate, no Astorians turned out for a recent bike jaunt from Astoria to the Idaho border sponsored by the Bikecentennial organization to map a cross-state trail prior to next year's proposed Bicentennial Bike ride between Astoria and the East Coast.

Mike Stanley, Cannon Beach, local representative of the Bikecentennial organization, reports that a substantial group of bikers, most of them inexperienced, left Astoria July 12 and completed the 725 mile trip to the Idaho border July 28. The jaunt was successful, according to a report to Stanley by its leader, Jon Spangler of Eugene.

The riders camped out some nights; other times they stayed in church basements or college dormitories. The group used back roads as much as possible, going via Tillamook, Corvallis, Eugene, McKenzie Pass, Bend and John Day, terminating the 16-day run at McCormick Park on Snake River.



Oysterville back in news

Sleepy little Oysterville, the county seat and principal town of Pacific County a century and more ago, has just received some nationwide attention from a book written by a native son, Willard Espy of New York.

Espy came back to his native stomping ground last week and spent an afternoon autographing copies of the book "Oysterville: Roads to Grandpa's Village" at the Bookvendor store in Long Beach. It was an old-home week sort of session, as many of the people who dropped in were old acquaintances who wanted to chat about old times.

Espy's book has been reviewed in various publications of national circulation, such as the Saturday Review, which describes the book as "rich in reminiscences, full of eccentric characters, colorful history and just plain fun."

The reviewer was intrigued by Papa Espy who, "when indoor plumbing at last came to his home, nevertheless automatically donned his hat before going to the bathroom."

There is all kinds of lore in the book: the early history of Oysterville, which Willard Espy's grandfather founded with a partner named Isaac Clark back in 1854; stories of Espy's ancestors, back as far as when one became a victim of the Salem, Mass., witchcraft scare in the 17th century; and a multitude of anecdotes, humorous and otherwise.

The book evidently is popular. When Espy visited Long Beach to sign his name to copies, the Bookvendor store sold out all the 160 books it had on hand.

Espy was born in Oysterville in 1910, and has spent much of his life as a journalist and writer in New York. Recently he turned author and has already written several books.

The idea of "Oysterville" came to him in 1935, when a magazine he was working for folded.

"When I was a boy, living there on the edge of the world, the family would sit around the fire in the evening and talk about the past," Espy said. It was a big family. Grandpa Espy had seven children.

When, in 1935, Espy decided to write a book about Oysterville and his family's background, "I started a correspondence with all my oldest relatives, gathering information. I was very fortunate to be able to do this while they were still living."

Espy said an important thing in looking backward, as he did in his book, is "to get the sense of continuity, to realize that you are part of continuing change."

Espy started his book before Alex Haley's now famous "Roots" was published, but says he is grateful to Haley for "demythifying the snobbery that usually is involved in tracing back one's ancestors. I tried to do the same sort of thing, with my WASP ancestors, that Haley did with his black ones."

There is quite a bit about Indians in Espy's book. Chief Nahcati—whose name is preserved in the town of Nahcotta, near Oysterville—was a friend of Grandfather Espy and actually led him to the site of the town, where the oysters were of better quality than across the bay.

Espy gives samples of Chinook jargon in his book, along with other information about the red men who used to live around Willapa Bay—then called Shoalwater Bay.

"I have been very fascinated by the history of the Indians of this area," he said. "I have been on several television programs with members of various tribes, during my lifetime, and have noticed how very defensive these Indians have been in their attitudes."

"I was upset, because my family was always interested in and friendly to the Indians. I would hate to have them think I don't sympathize with them in their problems."

"My father Harry Espy was constantly being consulted by Indians concerned about infringements of their rights."

"Father had been in the state legislature and was a justice of the peace. He was fond of the remaining Indians in our community, and tried to help them, seeing that they weren't cheated of what they possessed."

"In my childhood there were still a half dozen or so full-blooded Indians at Oysterville, but by the early 1920s all were gone."

Espy has been going around the Northwest for autographing sessions in Portland, Seattle and other cities.

"It is astonishing how many people I meet at these sessions who know about Oysterville," he said. "I have met at least 75 who told me of being descended

from former residents of the town. At least two-thirds of the people I met knew about Oysterville and its history."

"Meeting all these people with backgrounds connected to Oysterville is the kind of opportunity I will never have again. It is frustrating not to have had time to set up communications with these people."

Espy has acquired a cottage in Oysterville—the oldest one there, the same building that for three years was the Pacific County courthouse. He hopes to spend considerable time there.

"I have put in a fireplace, and knocked out a partition between two rooms, making a fine study. I can work there and look out at the bay. I hope to spend several months of the year there,

writing, although I will continue to make my home in New York."

Espy has another book coming out in the fall—much different from "Oysterville."

"I have personified in one individual all the people who have written anonymously over the years. The title will be 'My Life and Times with Mr. Anonymous'. The book will contain an anthology of anonymous writings."

Last week I not only visited with author Willard Espy, but also with his uncle Cecil Espy, 90, who has retired from a banking career and is living once again in Oysterville.

Next week in this column I will tell a little of Oysterville's history as seen by him.



Pioneers could cut it

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lind, who live beside Highway 53 down near the Clatsop-Tillamook county line, are both retired from work in the logging industry and both have ventured into literary efforts dealing with old times in that industry.

Lind, 75, and his wife have authored an article on logging adventures, including a wreck on the Markham and Callow logging railroad near Grassy Lake in 1935, that was published four years ago in *Loggers' World* magazine. They are preparing another article, "Tales of a Logging Railroad Brakeman", to be published in October in the *Journal of Forest History*, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Anna Lind has written an article, "Women in Early Logging Camps," that also appeared in the *Journal of Forest History* magazine a couple of years ago, dealing with her career as a flunky, dishwasher and cook in old-time logging camp mess halls.

Lind, born in Sweden, came to the U.S. at the age of 20 and soon found work logging because, he said, such work paid well in those days compared to other jobs.

He came west to the Aberdeen, Wash., area and his first job was splitting wood for donkey engines in the woods near there.

"It was hard work. Those donkey engines seemed to eat up the wood as fast as I could cut it," he said.

Lind worked at other woods jobs and eventually caught on with Markham and Callow company, then logging near Chehalis, Wash. When that company moved to southern Clatsop county in 1928 to log the Nehalem River north fork valley, he came too.

It was there he met Anna, who had been working in logging camp mess halls since 1926, when she started her career in a redwood camp in northwestern California as second cook—a

job that paid very well for those days, she said.

"Charlie O'Connell, a brakeman on the Markham and Callow railroad, had his eye on me because I was quick in my movements," Lind said. "He eventually broke me in as a brakeman. I liked the railroad work."

Those were the days when logging railroads were a network that covered most of the forest lands of Clatsop County.

Markham and Callow's line ran from the log dump on the Nehalem north fork up the valley and branched out, one branch going to the foot of Onion Peak, the other to the Grassy Lake area just south of Sugarloaf Mountain.

There were also spur lines that would be laid down to reach nearby timber patches, then torn up when the patch had been logged.

The company's main camp was near the county line, handy to both the log dump and the woods.

When Anna and Leo Lind were married, she quit her job in the mess hall. They bought a home and surrounding acreage in 1940, just north of the logging camp, and there they live to this day. Timberline Farm, they call it.

I learned about Leo Lind when he wrote a note to The Daily Astorian while sending in the money to pay his subscription to the paper. He asked if we had a picture of the wreck of the Shay locomotive that plunged from a trestle on the Markham and Callow line in 1935. We didn't have one, but I went to visit with the Linds instead.

"I was second brakeman," he recalled. "We were sorting cars and heading up the line near Grassy Lake, with a string of seven empties behind the locomotive. I was riding the last car. Charlie O'Connell, the No. 1 brakeman, was up front. We were

crossing a trestle, about 40 feet high.

"Suddenly the car I was on stopped with a jolt. I looked up and saw only a cloud of steam up forward where the Shay locomotive had been. What had happened was that a stringer on the trestle had come loose, plunging the locomotive upside down into the brush below the trestle."

The train had stopped when the air brakes set automatically as the engine plunged.

Amazingly, both engineer and fireman survived, although injured. O'Connell, the head brakeman, was the only one killed.

"It was all high lead logging in those days," Lind recalled. The logs were dumped into the north fork and formed into Davis rafts for floating down the river and across the Nehalem Bay bar. Davis rafts were smaller than the famous Benson cigar-shaped rafts that used to go from the Columbia to a San Diego mill by sea. The rectangular Davis rafts were bound together with heavy chains, much like the Benson rafts.

When the Markham-Callow operation was at its peak, it boarded 200 men at its main camp.

"There was a farmer who provided milk for the camp," Lind recalled. "He would leave it on the platform by the railway line and when we came by in the morning with a string of empties, we would pick up the 10-gallon milk cans and bring them to the camp. One morning the superintendent rode the train and he asked me if I ever drank the cream off the tops of the cans. I told him I wouldn't think of doing so. 'Why not? You'd get blamed for it anyway,' he answered. Well, I usually took a little cream in the hollow tops of the milk cans for the engineer and fireman."

Markham and Callow had three of the

geared Shay logging locomotives on its railway line, but they all were sold, probably to the Japanese for scrap, when the company shifted to 'Cat logging.'

The Linds both went into military service when World War II came along, he into the Navy, Mrs. Lind into the Women's Army Corps.

"We boarded up our house and had a good neighbor who kept an eye on things until the war was over," he said.

When they returned to the Nehalem valley after peace came, the company had shifted to truck logging and the days of the railway were gone. Lind stayed with Markham and Callow for a few years, until the company ran out of logs and quit.

"We were hauling about 90 truckloads a day, out of the God's Valley area," he said. "Most of the loads were of one log. The trees were that big."

After Markham and Callow quit, Lind worked for several gypo logging outfits in various capacities until he retired in 1962. In retirement the Linds still live at their home in the lonely north fork valley, not far from the old logging camp site, from which all traces of bunkhouses and other structures have long vanished.

Lind keeps busy in his garden and he also likes to go salmon fishing out of Hammond or Warrenton, while Mrs. Lind is interested in writing.

The Linds are looking forward to the appearance of their story in the October issue of the *Journal of Forestry History*. It was for that story that he wrote asking if The Daily Astorian had a photo of the 1935 logging railway wreck. The cover picture for that issue will be a photo of the old Markham-Callow dump, obtained through the Weyerhaeuser Co. Illustrations will be by artist Ken Brauner of Eugene.



Remembering the Memnon

Charles Haddix, ex-Astoria boy now of Sanger, Calif., writes that he visited Astoria recently and missed me because I was out of town.

"Your articles continue to strike chords in my memory bank," he says. "The one on Astoria's waterfront reminded me of the season in 1936 I went to Nushagak, Alaska, on the S.S. Memnon."

Many Astorians will remember the Memnon. Owned by Columbia River Packers' Association, Inc., — predecessor of Bumble Bee Seafoods — the steamer sailed every spring to the company's canneries at Nushagak and Naknek on Bristol Bay, carrying fishermen and cannery crews and supplies. It returned in the fall, bringing the annual pack of salmon.

The Memnon replaced some full-rigged ships which CRPA had used to make the annual Alaska voyage. But this was before I came to Astoria 50 years ago.

After the Memnon, the company had another steamer, the W.L. Thompson, named for the company's former president, which went to Alaska every year until finally it became uneconomical to operate, and was replaced by air service to haul the Alaska crews back and forth. When the ship sailed north, often the passengers had to be poured on board after good-bye parties. But let Haddix continue:

"A chuckle came when I recalled Capt. Fritz Elfving and his bullhorn voice bellowing at the gillnetters, and the cursing coming back. Now that's something a tourist never hears when he takes the 'bridge to nowhere.'"

"From 1921 to 1924 we lived in a house on the land now occupied by the National Guard building next to the

then city hall and jail. My mother's job as policewoman required that each night she would have to ring the school bell at Shively school across the street. (That school, now long gone, was next door to Johnson Motor Company on Exchange Street). Sometimes she would take me with her. I thought curfew time was 10 p.m., but could be mistaken. Deduct two hours gained in telling the story for over 50 years and it comes out at 8 o'clock.

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"Proposition 13 in California is a reporter's nightmare," Haddix's letter continues. "Prior to the primary election, Governor Brown was opposed to it as well as practically every influential official. Since then he has seen the future possibilities and we are starting to call it the Jarvis-Brown initiative."

"Getting the facts of the actual effect is like trying to hold a pound of quicksilver in both hands. Until we get a state Supreme Court ruling on what is and what isn't constitutional, it is hard to have a base to work from. In any event this is one to keep a close watch on since I wouldn't be surprised if you have a similar proposal in Oregon by November. Great place for that so-called 'investigative' — whatever that is — reporter."

Haddix is right — Oregonians should study Proposition 13 and what happens to it in the courts and what effect it has on local government in California, for it looks very much as though the sponsors of a similar initiative measure will get it on the Oregon ballot.

Everywhere one goes, one hears people talking about this proposal and most of them seem to be in favor of it.

The taxpayers in Oregon, as elsewhere in the nation, are on the prowl.

Proposition 13's effects already are being seen in California. For instance, the city of Oakland is closing neighborhood libraries and other social services. In one Bay Area city, 60 graduates of a police academy received lay-off notices with their diplomas.

Some will say such cuts are to be expected; others will say the cuts are spite work, that essential services are being slashed while non-essential ones remain. Take your choice.

What is important for Oregonians is to watch developments closely. If the Jarvis-Gann initiative proves to have grievous effects, and to contain mistakes, we must be careful not to repeat them here.

A columnist quoted Gov. Lamm of Colorado as enunciating "Lamm's law" — that the people in their pique against all government fix on "the level of government closest to them." I think this is very true — the people lash out at whatever level of government they can reach. Here in Oregon it has usually been the local school districts, which must go to the voters annually for revenues to keep schools open. Now, in California, they have taken a meat axe to all local government.

This is too bad, for the federal government, which seems frustratingly out of reach, is far more extravagant and wasteful of funds than local and state governments combined.

There was something in the papers the other day about a measure to establish a national initiative — but how would such a measure ever get by Congress, which is notoriously spend-thrift and not likely to vote any

limitation on its abundant flow of tax revenues.

Someone has suggested that the most effective way to get action out of Congress would be to eject every member of the House of Representatives when his two-year term expires, replacing all of them with economy-minded individuals.

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The Daily Astorian is getting some copies of the prize-winning Evening Independent of St. Petersburg, Fla., for study purposes. A headline in one copy caught my eye — "The Drawbridge Problem: Sometimes They're Up More than They're Down".

The story caught my attention because of the recent controversy over whether there should be a drawbridge or a fixed span bridge over the Skipanon River on Warrenton's Harbor Drive.

The story says that the Johns Pass drawbridge in St. Petersburg on some days is raised for boats more than it is down for cars, and that it is almost as bad on three other bridges.

The county commissioners are demanding that the Coast Guard keep the draw span down during rush hours for vehicle traffic. Some of the bridges currently go up 25 times daily, and on weekends 65 times daily.

It has long been the rule that water traffic has right-of-way over vehicles on all navigable waterways, but the volume of vehicle traffic has grown so great that there is going to be increasing pressure for modification of the old rule — not just in St. Petersburg or Warrenton, but everywhere that busy highways cross navigable waterways.



Shanghaiing once common

Ragnor Johnson of Seaside, was reared in Astoria and as a boy he worked in 1911 and 1912 as a messenger for Postal Telegraph Company.

In this job he once came upon evidence proving that shanghaiing of unwary young men to be seamen on sailing vessels was a practice at unscrupulous boarding houses and houses of ill fame in downtown Astoria.

"In 1911, just at Christmas time, I was called on to deliver a Christmas greeting telegram to the landlady of one of these establishments," he said. "She was feeling no pain as a result of imbibing Christmas cheer and in a talkative mood. We got into conversation. I took the opportunity to ask her 'What is this shanghaiing that I have heard about?' She answered, 'Kid, don't you know about that?'"

"She led me down an L-shaped hall. At the end she raised a trap door in the floor, hooking it back against the wall. There was a chute leading down to the water, with a skiff moored just below it and a mattress on the skiff.

"Is this legal?' I asked. I was only 13 at the time and didn't know any better.

"It may not be legal, but it's been going on here for a good many years,' she said.

"She also told me that she got \$50 for every live body delivered at the ship's Jacob's ladder."

There were several establishments on Astor street that engaged in the business of giving knockout drops to unwary men who would wake up next day at sea, bound for far away ports.

Every year one or two local men would disappear, never to turn up again. It was suspected that they had been doped, slipped down the chute to the waiting skiff and delivered to a ship short of hands for its crew and about to sail.

Johnson said he had heard a story, truth of which he could not vouch for, that the son of a prominent Astoria

family had once been doped in a local dive and put aboard a ship. The ship started for sea, but found the bar impassable and had to anchor for several days off Fort Stevens. The young man awoke there, not far from shore. Diving over the side, he swam to Fort Stevens, made his way to Astoria, got his father's shotgun, and shot the boarding house runner who had sold him to the ship for \$50. He was tried and acquitted for wounding the man, the story goes.

A boarding house runner was one who was hired to solicit customers for the various boarding houses that catered to the many fishermen, sailors and loggers who were single men and needed a place to live.

By 1911, the practice of shanghaiing was near its end. Andrew Furuseth of San Francisco had, in 1910, obtained passage by Congress of legislation to put an end to the practice. Ships had to sign on their crews by a formal procedure on land before sailing.

The U.S. Public Health Service made its headquarters in Astoria in those days, and had a local physician whose duty was to inspect incoming ships and their crews. Thus every ship coming in had to stop here.

If a contagious sickness were found aboard, which happened often, the crew would be transferred to the U.S. Quarantine Station at Knappton, across the river, while the ship would be fumigated, then towed to Portland to load grain or other cargo. Then the ship would be towed back to Astoria. Almost invariably the crew would be short some men by that time, giving the unscrupulous boarding house people their chance to make \$50 a head.

Most sailing vessels calling here were British, Norwegian, Swedish and French, and apparently all were willing to accept the unfortunates gleaned from the Astoria dives.

The quarantine station, where crews were confined if their ship showed evidence of contagion, is long gone. Formerly there was a large barracks on a dock there—the piling that supported it are still visible—that was torn down in the 1950s, long after the station had been abandoned. It was there that crews were confined. Escape from Knappton's remote situation through a roadless forest would have been difficult.

In those days downtown Astoria was built on piling over water which reached to the foot of the hill, about where the YMCA now stands. Boats could move under the town.

Most of the establishments where men were shanghaiing were located on Astor Street, but there was at least one of them as far uptown as Commercial.

In 1916 construction started on a seawall along the present waterfront. After the interruption of World War I, the wall was completed and hydraulic dredges went to work to pump river sand into the area behind it.

The work was handled by a municipal agency called the Sanitary and Reclamation Commission. The late George T. McClean was engineer for the agency.

Ragnor Johnson has a list of persons he calls "characters" who lived in the Astoria of his boyhood. Most were fishermen. They include:

High Tone Anderson, who used to don a wing collar, necktie with stickpin and swallow tail coat when preparing to go out on the town Saturday night.

Police Pete Anderson, so-called because he was a former policeman.

Neversweat Nelson, who got his name because he never worked enough to produce any perspiration.

Pegleg Johnson who had a wooden leg.

Tucker Creek Johnson was Ragnor's father, so-called because he quit gillnetting in 1914 and bought a farm on Tucker Creek, which the family still owns and operates.

Crazy Johnson got his name because he used to haul a two-wheel cart, with a phonograph aboard, around town and play it to make money.

There were Woodchuck Johnson and Slewfoot Johnson, not related, who used to put in wood for a livelihood. Slackwater Johnson would drift his gillnet only at slack tide, while Waterworks Johnson worked for the city water system.

Louvre August Erickson got his name because he ran a saloon called the Louvre on Astor Street, and this distinguished him from another saloon keeper, Saloon August Danielson.

Matti Pakaslahti—a musical name—was not a fisherman, but he was a character because he wore the most highly polished leather knee boots in Astoria. He lived alone in a house boat at 18th and Exchange—it is dry land now but then was the shore of Scow Bay. A neighbor in a house boat nearby was Liverpool Jack, an English sailor who came ashore and stayed, and eventually got himself elected constable.

There was the firm of Dogg and Lamm, composed of Ah Dogg and Wong Lamm, Chinese labor contractors who supplied work crews for canneries here and in Alaska.

Lee Sing, who had a vegetable garden near Miles Crossing for many years, was another Astoria character. As a sideline he repaired watches and clocks, a skill he had developed in China. He never forgot a favor. Johnson said he had once towed Lee's wagon out of a ditch and as a result Lee wouldn't let him pay for any vegetables from that day forward. Lee Sing lived to be more than 90 years old.

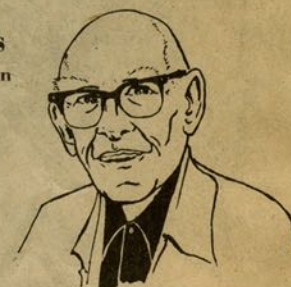


Daily Astorian — FRED ANDRUS

This sword was found on Clatsop Spit recently by John Johnson. It is of a type that was used by U.S. Naval officers between 1841 and 1852.

Bits and Pieces

Fred Andrus
For The Daily Astorian



Shark officer's sword?

A sword that presumably once was worn by an officer of USS Shark, wrecked at the Columbia River mouth in 1846, was found recently on Clatsop Spit.

John Johnson, principal of Warrenton High School, was walking along the beach when he found the sword, rusted into its scabbard so much it could not be drawn out.

"It was lying fairly high up the beach, where it apparently had been exposed by a big wave," Johnson said. "Sand had not yet blown in to cover it again. It was about a quarter mile south of the south jetty."

Johnson took the ancient weapon and scabbard to the Columbia River Maritime Museum, loaning it to the museum for research on its origin.

Curator Michael Naab found the picture of an identical sword in a book, "Small Arms of the Sea Services," which the museum has in its library.

"This type sword was adopted by the Navy in 1841 for officers to wear, and continued in regulation use until 1852," Naab said. Two naval vessels, the sloops-of-war Peacock and Shark, were wrecked at the river mouth during the period, the Peacock in 1841 on the north side of the mouth, and the Shark in 1846. The fact that the Peacock was wrecked in the same year the sword became official makes it unlikely that any officer on board was carrying the new-issue weapon.

"The Shark got into trouble on the South Sands while leaving the river in the fall of 1846," said Naab.

In those days Clatsop Spit did not exist. The South Sands lay west and south of Point Adams. There were two or three channels across the bar, one crossing what is now Clatsop Spit, not far from where Johnson found the sword.

Naab wrote the Navy to request a photograph of an undamaged sword of the same type, but they sent him instead a photo of a similar but earlier one, that had been worn by Commodore Oliver Hazzard Perry, who commanded the U.S. squadron in the naval battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812.

Now Naab has written the author of the book on small arms in which he found a sketch of the 1841 model sword, asking for a picture, if available.

John Thompson, who covers the waterfront for The Daily Astorian, had an interesting piece the other day on proposals to revive coastal water traffic with container ships. It brought back memories of earlier days, when steam schooners were active in the coastal lumber trade.

When I came to Astoria a half century ago there were many of those squat, stubby wooden freighters carrying lumber from Oregon, Washington and Canada to California ports. Now all are long gone. Rising costs of labor, plus competition from the railways and truck lines, put them out of business.

People called those steam schooners "The Finnish Navy" or "the Scandinavian Navy" because their officers and crew often were Finns or Norwegians.

One of those vessels, the Wapama, which was built at St. Helens, is now on permanent display in San Francisco's waterfront historical park. I remember the Tiverton, Multnomah, Annie Olsen and others that used to visit Astoria.

Why did they call these engine-powered vessels steam schooners when they carried no sails? Curator Naab says that originally the steam schooners were auxiliary-powered, schooner-rigged vessels, but gradually the sails disappeared and in my day they were all pure steamboats.

There also used to be smaller vessels called gas schooners or oil schooners, which carried freight and passengers between the smaller ports of the Northwest coast. They had to be small to get safely across the shallow bars of such ports as Tillamook and Newport. They were just about all gone by the time I arrived in Astoria.

There were also, in the 1920s, the "Admiral" line ships that ran between here and California ports. Some carried passengers as well as freight. I remember one, the Admiral Benson, that was wrecked just outside the North Jetty about 1930 or '31.

The current fuss about log exports reminds me of how Astoria lost its flour mill because Oriental nations built their

own flour mills and started buying grain instead of flour.

The Pillsbury flour mill here existed on export business. For many years China was its main market. The flour for China was bagged in sacks with bright patterns, which thrifty Chinese housewives liked to make into clothing.

When communists took China in 1949, cutting it off as a flour market, new markets were found in Indonesia, the Philippines and other Oriental countries. Ironically, however, these nations began building their own flour mills, mostly with financial aid from our government. So the export flour market vanished.

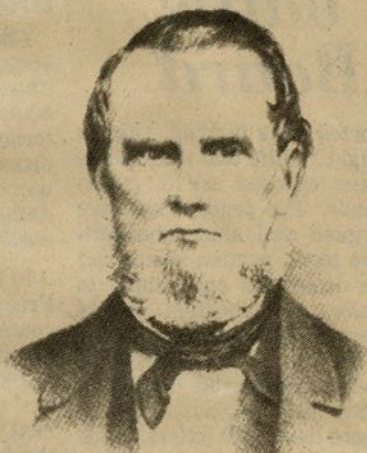
Too bad there wasn't someone to make as much fuss about our exporting grain instead of flour to Oriental countries as there is now about exporting logs instead of lumber.

Mary Esther Smith, the globe-trotting nurse about whom I wrote a couple weeks ago, has written me a card from Tokyo, where she is warming up for her November visit to Red China by attending a nurses' convention.

"We flew north over Anchorage — it was non-stop 10 hours and 30 minutes," she wrote. "Five 747 planes landed here at the same time, all full of nurses. There are 1,200 nurses here and we are having a party tonight at Budokan Hall, largest hall in Japan, left over from the Olympics. There are 88 countries represented. Much excitement and color."



Smith merits marker



SOLOMON SMITH

helped John H. Frost set up a Methodist Mission, first of its kind in Clatsop County. He started a farm on land to which he later obtained title as a donation land claim. In 1841 he started a store.

He wanted cattle to stock his farm, so he and Frost set out to find their way to the Willamette Valley to bring a herd across the mountains. With a Clatsop Indian guide, they crossed Tillamook Head and Cape Falcon, where they almost lost a pack horse off the narrow trail along the cliff over the sea. Across Neahkahnie Mountain, they lost their guide, who was afraid of the Tillamook Indians, traditional foes of the Clatsops.

Smith and Frost found the Tillamooks friendly. They provided canoe transport across Tillamook Bay. At Netarts the party turned inland, finding a route through the mountains, apparently with help of the Tillamook tribe.

Returning the same way with a herd of 55 cattle, they brought all but five safely to Smith's farm.

In 1843 he took part in the Champoege convention that set up a provisional government for Oregon. He was named constable, or militia captain.

In Clatsop county he served as a school board member, election judge, and as county commissioner. The meeting at which county government was organized was held in his home in 1845. In 1874 he was elected state senator representing Clatsop, Columbia and Tillamook counties, and held that post until his death in 1876 at the age of 67.

Smith was sometimes known as "Clatsop Smith" for his close relationship with the Clatsop Indians.

His wife Celiast was a remarkable character, who often interceded physically to prevent fights between whites and Indians, and who was reputed to have been quite pretty as a young woman.

She kept slaves according to the custom of the Clatsops and their near relations, the Chinooks across the river. Smith apparently tolerated this. He had good relations with his wife's relatives, but was not noted particularly as a friend of the Indians.

Among other activities, he ran the first ferry service across the Columbia, a sort of catamaran of two Indian canoes fastened side by side.

From his store at Skipanon he supplied the survivors of the sloop-of-war Peacock, wrecked in 1841, and the sloop-of-war Shark, wrecked five years later.

Smith's farm lay on the west side of Smith Lake — named for him — just north of the present Smith Lake Estates residential area. Nothing remains of it, but Chairman Russell Dark of the Clatsop Historical Society has found an 1855 map of the area that shows clearly the location of the six buildings of the Smith farm.

The memorial marker will be carved by Dick Thompson, local stone mason, from a slab of granite obtained last year from a spot on the Tillamook-Clatsop border. It will be mounted on stainless steel posts, strong enough to resist vandals. It will be located beside the Ridge Road that goes close by the Smith farm site.

Gale Abrams, historian for the State Parks Division at Fort Stevens State

Park, and Sharon Sage, a volunteer assistant, are trying to identify all the surviving buildings and foundations of former buildings in the Fort Stevens military area. When that is done, all buildings and building sites of the old fort will be given identifying markers, and a map will be put up in the visitor center building, identifying all buildings.

The two young women hope to accomplish this job in time for this year's summer tourist traffic. They need information and are interviewing former members of Fort Stevens garrisons. They are interested in talking to others familiar with activities there when it was an active military post. Anyone who has such information will be welcomed at the visitor center, where Ms. Abrams has her office.

"We have gone through maps of the U.S. Engineers Corps at their Tongue Point office and are writing to the War Department in Washington, D.C. for other maps," Ms. Abrams said. "We have written to 25 people, mostly ex-soldiers, asking for their recollections and any pictures they may have of old Fort Stevens. We have some CETA workers to help us and are also looking for volunteer help in completing the project."

How's this for a word to break your jaw on: "overinformationalized"! This monstrosity appeared in a recent press release received at The Daily Astorian office, stating that "the public has become overinformationalized." In other words, people just get too darn much information.

The Clatsop County Historical Advisory Committee recently voted to go ahead with erecting a memorial marker at the site of the Solomon Howard Smith farm on Clatsop Plains.

Smith was a remarkable individual, well deserving of a suitable marker commemorating his many activities in the early history of Oregon and Clatsop County.

A settler on Clatsop Plains in 1840, he was son-in-law of Chief Coboway of the Clatsop Indians. He was the first school teacher in Oregon; first to introduce wheat, apples, barley, oats, cattle and horses to Clatsop County; an associate in the first American-owned sawmill in Oregon; first merchant in Clatsop County; member of the Oregon provisional government of 1843; a longtime Clatsop County official, and a state senator.

Smith was born in 1809 in Lebanon, New Hampshire, and was educated at nearby Norwich Academy. He studied medicine with an uncle, but never practiced it.

As a youth, he participated in an expedition to fish for cod off Newfoundland. Homeward bound, the boat collided with another and sank. Rescued but bankrupt, Smith in 1832 joined the expedition organized by Nathaniel Wyeth to set up a colony on the Columbia River. The party had a harrowing trip across the country. And then the colony failed. Smith was one of two members of the expedition who decided to stay in the Oregon country.

He taught school to half-breed children at Fort Vancouver and there he met Celiast, the Clatsop chief's daughter. She had married a baker named Porier at Vancouver, but Dr. John McLoughlin, who ran that post for the Hudson's Bay Company, found Porier already had a wife in Canada and ordered Celiast to leave him. She was living at Vancouver with a sister, who had also married a white man.

The newlyweds moved to French Prairie in the Willamette Valley, where they both taught school and later taught at the Methodist Mission established there in 1834.

In 1838 Smith and Ewing Young set up a sawmill on Chehalem Creek, first one in what is now the state of Oregon. Smith had a farm there, which he sold to Young in 1840 to move to Clatsop Plains, close to his wife's relatives, the Clatsop Indian nobility.

Abraham Lincoln
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:

Know ye, That, reposing special trust and confidence in the Integrity, Ability, and Punctuality of Charles L. Parker, I DO APPOINT him Deputy Postmaster at Astoria, in the State of Oregon, and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfil the duties of that Office according to Law; AND TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Office, with all the powers, privileges, and emoluments to the same of right appertaining, unto him, the said Charles L. Parker, during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being, and until the end of the next session of the Senate of the United States, and no longer.

In testimony whereof, I have caused these Letters to be made Patent, and the Seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the Twenty eighth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the Eighty-fifth.

Abraham Lincoln

BY THE PRESIDENT:

Wm. H. Seward Secretary of State.

A document signed by then-president Abraham Lincoln and dated May 28, 1861, appointed Charles Parker postmaster in

Astoria. The document is at the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

Bits and Pieces

Fred Andrus
For The Daily Astorian

Some famous signatures



The Columbia River Martime Museum has come into possession recently of three notable signatures — those of Abraham Lincoln, John Jacob Astor and Count Felix Van Luckner, German sea raider of World War I fame.

There is actually a fourth famous man's signature included — that of William Seward, secretary of state in Lincoln's cabinet.

The Lincoln and Seward signatures are affixed to a printed document signifying the appointment of Charles L. Parker as postmaster in Astoria. The document is dated May 28, 1861. It was donated to the museum by the widow of Arthur Alan Honeyman, grandson of Parker. Mrs. Honeyman now lives in Gearhart.

The appointment was as "deputy postmaster" — a rank rather than an office, said Curator Michael Naab of the museum.

Parker was the seventh postmaster in Astoria, serving from May 28, 1861 until December 10, 1873.

The signature of Astor is on a document of satisfaction of a mortgage, dated in New York City August 11, 1829. It may be the only signature of the founder of Astoria to exist in the city which bears his name. It was purchased by the Maritime Museum from an Olympia, Wash., man who had bought it from a dealer in historical documents.

The signature of Count Luckner, who commanded the German ocean raider Seeadler in World War I, is on the face of a painting of Luckner's four-masted schooner Vaterland in which he toured various American ports after the war. It is dated in San Pedro November 9, 1927, the year in which he made his cruise in the Vaterland, visiting Astoria as well as other West Coast ports.

The painting with Luckner's signature was given to the museum by Don E. Montague of Long Beach, Calif., through the good offices of Capt. Frank Gillard, retired bar pilot who lives in Surf Pines and is a friend of Montague. He brought it back with him from a visit with Montague recently.

A five day symposium on Clatsop

County history is in the works at Clatsop Community College, scheduled for May 30 and 31, June 1, 2 and 3 as part of the observance of the institution's 20th anniversary.

Clatsop College was founded in 1958 as a night school connected with Astoria High School, sponsored by the Astoria School District, with classes in the high school building.

Within a few years it grew to the point where it could stand on its own feet and the community college district was founded, with the aid of legislation sponsored by Dan Thiel and Bill Holmstrom, the county's legislators of those days.

Paul See, dean of instruction at the college, has charge of the symposium's plans and is anxious to get as many old timers with stories to tell as he can corral, with the idea of using their anecdotes to enliven the evening sessions that will constitute the symposium. He hopes to tape some of the material for future use by local historians.

Helping See with the plans is an advisory committee. Members include Sam Churchill, author, representing the county historical society; Carolyn Adamson, representing the newly-organized Cannon Beach Historical Society; Gale Abrams, Fort Stevens state park historian; Neal Maine, Seaside High teacher; Michael Naab, curator, Columbia River Maritime Museum; Robert Scott, superintendent, Fort Clatsop National Memorial.

"The committee met last week and I was floored by the enthusiasm and many good ideas the members proposed," said See, himself a Clatsop County native who spent his boyhood on Clatsop Plains.

"I am looking for recommendations from anyone interested regarding historical incidents which have not been publicized," See added. "For instance, not much has ever been written about the steamer landing at Lexington, the first county seat, now included inside the city limits of Warrenton. It might be interesting to get Dan Hall to tell his story about walking across the Columbia River on the ice many years ago, as a boy."

See wants to videotape the material he obtains, edit it, present it on the college's television program, and turn it over to the library or historical society, or both.

The symposium will include something of the natural history and pre-history of the area.

"I want also to get out of the area immediately adjacent to the Columbia River, to such places as Jewell. For instance," See said, "Mrs. Edna Johnson of Clatskanie has a history of the Mist-Birkenfeld area that should be interesting."

See and the advisory committee have begun compiling a list of possible contributors to the program, but needs more and is appealing for volunteers, who can communicate with him at the college.

"We might try to organize a round table of old timers and let them compare notes on their reminiscences of early days in Clatsop," he said.

Chairman Russell Dark of the

Clatsop County Historical Advisory committee has suggested the possibility of locating all the several former Indian burying grounds in Clatsop County and providing markers for them, as well as for the one at Columbia Beach which was recently saved from defacement by logging operations as a result of protests of survivors of the Clatsop tribe.

Dark noted that there are several known locations — one at Tansy Point with maybe 100 graves; one on the Lillenas road in the Klaskanine River valley; one at Knappa, on the top of a bluff above the dock there, and one at Smith Point, on Port of Astoria property that is now buried under sand fill. Perhaps there are others.

Dark would like to hear from any one who knows the specific location of any of these burying grounds.

Some Indian burials were in the ground, but other Indian dead were put into their canoes or into boxes and hoisted up into trees or on platforms.



Stones to be recovered

County Roadmaster John Dooley visited Youngs River Falls last week with Carl Labiske, who recently announced the finding of five more sandstone grinding wheels of the old Falls Paper Company just below the falls.

Upshot of the visit will be the county road department's undertaking to get the grindstones out of the canyon where they lay, for use as historical markers. It is intended to leave one of the stones, imbedded in concrete, at the roadside by the site of the old mill, which operated three quarters of a century ago and was one of the Northwest's first paper mills.

Labiske said the presence of the five stones, in addition to ones previously recovered when the site was found some years ago by Crown-Zellerbach officials, was disclosed when freshet water in Youngs River washed away some of the dirt and brush under which they lay hidden.

Labiske, who was born not far from the mill site, said one of his friends saw the recently-exposed stones and told him of the discovery.

The mill site is a few hundred feet downstream from the bridge just below Youngs River Falls. Other evidence of its existence is a ditch five or six feet deep, leading from a point on the river above the falls to a point at the cliff top just above the mill. From there a 30-inch steel pipe, still in fairly good condition despite its long abandonment, leads down the cliff to the mill site.

The age of the site is shown by the large size of trees that have grown in the ditch and around the stones. In fact, it will be necessary to cut a big fir root that covers part of one of the stones in order to free it.

County road workers will cut a trail

down to the mill site and use a tractor to haul the stones up the cliff as soon as weather permits.

A recent story in this column about the loss of the river steamer Gleaner in 1888 near Tongue Point brought memories to Albin Anderson, 1533 Third, of his boyhood in Hammond.

"There was a fine sand beach at low water, from Flavel to what is now the Hammond moorage," Anderson writes. "Most of us boys spent much of our time swimming and beachcombing. Slightly west of Flavel there was a bow portion of a small vessel, the broken portion buried in the sand, the bow pointing skyward. It was weather-beaten and had lain there many years.

"A number of years ago I read an article by Carlton Appelo of Naselle in which he stated a portion of the steamer Gleaner had washed ashore near Flavel, so this could have been the bow of the Gleaner.

"There is another piece of wreckage near the same location. I do not recall the year when the Port of Astoria dredge Natoma, while dredging on the south edge of Desdemona Sands, uncovered a portion of a hull which was raised to the surface and towed by the dredge tender to the beach west of Flavel.

"The American bark Desdemona stranded on the sands which now bears its name on Jan. 1, 1857.

"Captain Johnson of the tender called me, saying they had beached a portion of the hull of the Desdemona on the beach near Flavel.

"The following morning at low tide I arrived at the site with an axe and saw. There was a very little of the hull exposed, but I managed to cut away a piece of what seemed to be the bottom of the hull. It was in sound condition,



Carl Labiske, left, and Sam Churchill inspect the 30-inch pipeline that supplied water to Falls Paper Company some 70 years and more ago.

bearing a greenish hue. I also cut away four copper drift bolts. I later gave these pieces to the Maritime Museum, where they are now on display.

—o—

There was quite a festival when Victorville, Calif., resident and native Astorian Emil Richard Nivala became a Knight of the Order of the White Rose of Finland.

Veikko Huttunen, Finnish consul general at San Francisco, made the presentation at a Finnish Kalevala celebration in Van Nuys, conducted entirely in the Finnish language. There were Finnish "tone poems" and songs by a chorus of women in Finnish costumes, folk songs, skits and kantele playing, as well as recitations of parts

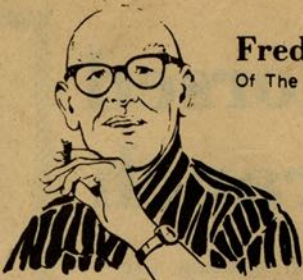
of the Kalevala, the Finnish epic poem.

An account of the event in the Victorville Daily Press reports that Nivala still has the penny, now worn smooth, with which he started out from Astoria in 1932 to circle the world with only one cent. It also told of Nivala's hike from here to New York in 1939, to honor the postal service, and of his immediate departure from New York to join the Finnish army that was fighting the Russians in the famous "winter war."

Currently, Nivala, who has belonged to the Hollywood Foreign Press Association since 1932, is writing Hollywood news for Finnish publications and has been working to establish a scholarship program for Finnish students in the U.S.



Almost buried in dirt and brush is one of the grinding stones from the old paper mill at Youngs River Falls.



Fred Andrus
Of The Daily Astorian

Bits and pieces

Trollers vs. trawlers

A friend suggested the other day it would be helpful to some people to publish a list of definitions of some of the terms used in the fishing industry.

"Many people don't know the difference between a troller and a trawler," he commented. "Quite a few of the Daily Astorian readers are newcomers to the area and they don't understand some of the technical fishery terms they see in news stories."

So, with the expert help of Arthur Paquet, administrator for the Oregon Otter Trawl commission, who in a long career has been involved in many branches of the fishing industry, I have attempted to define a few of the terms most commonly used.

That confusion between troller and trawler seems quite common, so that's a good subject to start on.

A trawler is a fishing vessel that operates a trawl, a net that is dragged along the bottom of the ocean. For this reason, a trawler is sometimes called a drag boat. Bottom-dwelling fish, such as ocean perch, sole, flounder, red snapper, cod and the like are the trawler's usual catch.

A troller is a boat that trails from six up to a dozen lines for catching salmon. The lines have up to a dozen hooks each, and fish at varying depths down to 50 fathoms. The lines are strung from trolling poles, or outriggers, that are extended outward from the boat, to prevent the lines from fouling each other.

Lead sinkers, known as "cannon balls," are put on the lines to regulate the depth at which each line will fish. Winches on the boat deck, known as "gurdies," are used to haul in the trolling lines.

Most of the trawlers or drag boats

operating off the coast here are otter trawlers, taking their name from the otter boards used to spread the net while fishing.

A trawl is shaped somewhat like a big gunnysack. To keep the front end open, there is a projection on each side, with a vertical board at its front end. As the boat tows the net, the force of the water pushes these otter boards outward, thereby spreading the open end of the net to scoop up fish. The fish go into the "cod end" at the stern of the net, which is usually of heavier web and smaller mesh.

There are other types of trawls, such as a beam trawl, which has a fixed opening kept open by a fixed beam, usually of steel.

A gillnet is a rectangular piece of netting, limited by law on the Columbia river to not more than 200 fathoms (1,200 feet). It floats vertically in the water, with a "cork line" of wooden floats along the upper edge and a "lead line" of weights along the lower edge. These keep it vertical in the water. The mesh size is designed so that a salmon swimming through it can get his head through, but finds the thick part of his midsection won't make it. As he tries to back out, the net catches his gills and he is held there.

There are diver nets and floater nets. A diver gillnet is so weighted that it drifts just above the bottom of the river, while a floater net has its cork line floating on the surface of the water.

One hears considerable about monofilament nets these days. Monofilament is a strand of nylon or synthetic fiber. Nets made of this material are almost invisible in the water and hence more efficient in snaring salmon.

In past years nets usually were made of linen, before introduction of monofilament. Nets were kept free of bacteria by soaking in "bluestone," a

solution of blue vitriol.

A purse seine is a net used to surround a school of fish on or near the surface of the water. It is closed by pulling purse ropes through rings on the bottom of the net. Purse seines are used for salmon or tuna generally, but are forbidden in the Columbia river.

The term "long-lining" is sometimes heard. It describes a type of gear used in ocean fishing for halibut, tuna and other species.

This gear consists of a "ground line" that can be up to a mile long, and is laid out along the bottom. Lines with hooks are attached to this ground line at intervals, and its location is marked by buoys attached to it and floating on the surface.

Some long-line gear goes vertically into the ocean to catch tuna.

Long lines with pots, similar to crab pots, attached instead of hooks, are used to catch black cod. It was this type of gear that local fishermen recently claimed was lost when hit by a Russian vessel off the Columbia river.

There are many other technical terms in the fisheries, but the above are a few of the more common ones.

Helen Wilson, who runs the office at the YMCA, rides herd on several hundred lively kids each day and still finds it fun after 20 years on the job.

Mrs. Wilson's completion of her second decade at the Y will be the occasion for a reception Friday noon at the Y building, 12th and Exchange, with Ardis Steinmann in charge and all interested persons in-

vited to drop in and say hello to Mrs. Wilson. She will be honored afterward at a luncheon.

"I joined the YMCA staff in 1953 to help out on a membership drive aimed at raising enough funds to keep the place open," she reminisced. "But the Y had to close and stayed closed a year. It reopened in the fall of 1954, with help from the UGN drive, and I went back to work. At that time the YWCA moved in with the YMCA, which closed its residence rooms on the second floor to make room for the girls to have a meeting place. Eventually the YWCA closed and the institution became a family YMCA."

At first girls and boys were kept separate and had to use separate parts of the building, Mrs. Wilson recalled. Later this was abolished. Programs for adults, both men and women, were added. All this helped build up popularity of the institution.

"When I came to work there were only a few hundred members," Mrs. Wilson said. "Now there are more than 2,300."

The job has been enjoyable, despite the constant din of a horde of active kids.

"It's really been a fun job. You never know what will happen next — a furnace breakdown or someone firing firecrackers in the basement on July 4."

YMCA General Secretary Gurney Day says Mrs. Wilson has probably served enough kids in her two decades to equal twice the population of Astoria, and has done it well. Monthly attendance runs around 7,000.

"Some of the youngsters who were learning to swim when I came here in 1953 are now bringing their children to the Y," said Mrs. Wilson. "Some of these kids probably think I came here with the cornerstone."